The Outlook

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1908

Vol. 88 No. 12 Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building. Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary. Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor. $3 a year 10c. a copy

Around the World

Almost simultaneously with the news that our great battle-ship fleet had arrived at Magdalena Bay without mishap of any kind and even in a more efficient condition as regards machinery and drill than when it left Hampton Roads, comes the formal announcement that the fleet will return by way of the Far East and the Suez Canal. The plan now is that the ships should leave San Francisco on July 6. A month will be spent in target practice at Magdalena Bay, and two or three stops will be made at ports on the Pacific coast before the imposing and unexampled review of the great naval force takes place in San Francisco Bay on May 8. It is possible also that the fleet will visit Vancouver. At all events, the course laid out for its subsequent voyage includes stops at Hawaii, at Samoa, and at Sydney and Melbourne. From Australia the fleet goes directly to Manila, and the autumn target practice will take place in Manila Bay. It has not been decided at what European ports the fleet will stop, but probably only at those which lie in its direct route. The whole voyage will consume about six months, and the fleet may be expected back on our Atlantic coast some time next winter. A cordial welcome, beyond question, awaits the fleet at the foreign ports to which it is bound; indeed, messages of invitation and welcome have already been received from Australia, and the British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, has written to Secretary Root expressing the pleasure of the British Government at the proposed visit. It is particularly gratifying to note that Japan is anxious to have our fleet visit Japanese ports, and to read the following utterance sent out by the Japanese Foreign Office: "The decision of the American Government to send the fleet on a tour of the world should finally silence all war talk. It is a guarantee of the peace of the world." Announcement of the itinerary of the world cruise was made on Saturday last to the crews of the fleet, together with hearty messages of congratulation from the President and the Department on the successful issue of the long voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The enthusiasm existing among officers and men of the vessels for the continuation of the world cruise is in itself an evidence of the value of the undertaking as inspiring professional pride and tending to the best kind of drill and the most satisfactory efficiency as a result.

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The Naval Investigation

There was a considerable body of expert testimony taken before the Senate Naval Committee last week which controverted the defense made by Admiral Converse to the recent criticisms on naval construction. As The Outlook outlined rather fully Admiral Converse's reasons for asserting that the armor belt in American war vessels is rightly placed, it seems only fair to put on record also the testimony of Rear-Admirals Remy and Goodrich, Commanders Key and Winslow, and Lieutenant White, all of whom (with, we believe, one or two other officers) testified that the armor belt in our ships is placed too low, or at least that it does not extend high enough. The statement was made repeatedly that Admiral Converse's estimates were based on a theoretical water line and not on the actual water line measured when the ships are reasonably well laden. Officer after officer declared that it would be out of the question for ships to go on a hostile cruise or into battle with their coal-bunkers half empty, and it was asserted that most of our battle-ships when they started on the long voyage to the Pacific showed only

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a foot of armor belt above the water. Weight is added to this testimony by the fact that the officers giving it are practical sea-going commanders rather than bureau specialists. As to the danger involved in having the turret ammunition hoist running directly from the turret to the handling-room there seems to be no difference of opinion. The real difference lies between those who declare that everything that is possible has now been done to remedy this defect and those who say that the defect should have been recognized sooner and should have been avoided in some ships built comparatively lately. Altogether the result of the week's testimony before this Committee has apparently gone far to show that there was real force and meaning to the criticisms, but this is quite consistent with the belief that every effort is now being made to remedy defects and to forestall danger in all new construction. In calling the attention of the public and of Congress to the subjects now under discussion, Mr. Reuterdahl's magazine article undoubtedly did a real service.

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Convicted of Fraud

Four men were last week found guilty by a jury of the crime of cheating and defrauding the State of Pennsylvania in the matter of furnishing the Capitol at Harrisburg. The list of the convicted men includes one contractor (J. H. Sanderson) and three public officials whose duty it was to protect the treasury of the commonwealth—the former Auditor-General (W. P. Snyder), State Treasurer (W. L. Mathues), and Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings (J. M. Shumaker). The charge was in effect that by conspiracy false and fraudulent bills were presented, certified, passed, and paid, with intent to cheat and defraud the State. The case just tried involved an alleged overcharge of $19,000 in a bill of $50,000. This lack of moderation in the percentage of fraud suggests either implicit confidence by the criminals in the "protection" they would have from high authorities, or the folly of illimitable greed. Ten other accused persons are under indictment in thirty-eight cases. The peculiar methods under which these fraudulent contracts were obtained and carried through have already been fully described in The Outlook, and it remains now only to congratulate the people of Pennsylvania on this vindication of law, and to hope that it may be extended to include the punishment of all those guilty of these dishonest practices.

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Congress and the Brownsville Affray

A bill has been introduced into Congress which provides that any negro soldier discharged because of the rioting at Brownsville shall, upon his taking oath to his innocence, be reinstated. The bill is not at all likely to pass; if it were passed, it is certain that the President would veto it; and even if it should become law, it would have no binding force whatever. Congress cannot usurp the appointing power of the President; it cannot, by merely passing a bill, oust the President from his Constitutional position as Commander-in-Chief of the army. Senator Foraker, who has introduced the bill, knows this; but most negro voters do not; and a good many people who have taken counsel of their prejudices in regard to this affair will forget or ignore that fact. That there were certain soldiers of Companies B, C, and D of the Twenty-fifth Infantry who had demonstrably no part either in the shooting or the guilty silence which protected the offenders is acknowledged. As the President has reminded Congress by a message delivered last week, he had, as far back as December 12, 1906, issued, by the Secretary of War, an order, and soon thereafter began proceedings, for the reinstatement of those soldiers who could show that they had no part in the affray. Of course when the Senate, at Senator Foraker's instigation, undertook to act as judge on the merits of the dismissal, the President suspended action in the matter, so as to leave the Senate free to reach their conclusions unhampered by a parallel Executive investigation. The Senate investigation dragged on for months. If there are negro soldiers out of the service who might have been

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reinstated some time ago, they have Senator Foraker to thank. The course of Senator Foraker in this affair illustrates the political untrustworthiness which has marked his career, and which has resulted in his present overwhelming defeat as a party leader in his own State. Now that the Senate investigation is over, leaving the situation exactly as it was in December, 1906, the President has announced his purpose to continue the proceeding which was at that time interrupted. Inasmuch as, in consequence of the delay caused by the Senate investigation, the innocent men have not had the chance to re-enlist within the time limit, the President recommends to Congress "the passage of a law extending this time limit, so far as the soldiers concerned are affected, until a year after the passage of the law, and permitting reinstatement by direction of the President of any man who in his judgment shall appear not to be within the class whose discharge was deemed necessary in order to maintain the discipline and morale of the army." Such a law would enable the President to bring to completion what he had begun to do over a year ago, and what he would have finished but for the insistence of some of the soldiers' unwise and blundering partisans.

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State Prohibition and the National Law

Georgia, having adopted a State prohibitory law, is now encountering the problem of enforcing it. The story of the way in which Savannah, reputed to be the most "open" city in Georgia, has become, for the time at least, determined to close its saloons, is worthy of record. It indicates one way by which the National law can be invoked to aid the enforcement of a State law. When prohibition went into effect, many bar-rooms were suddenly renamed "locker clubs." Nominally the bar-room patrons were members, and each had a pigeonhole for his own liquor. Actually, however, the patrons purchased the liquor from the manager. A number of men were arrested and indicted for violation of the Federal internal revenue law. Judge Speer decided, in accordance with a Treasury ruling, that whenever a retail liquor partnership is changed by the addition of a new partner, a new special tax must be paid; and that with each new member admitted to a locker club there is a change in partnership. This meant that each club had to pay $25 a day; for the partnership, according to this decision, changed daily with the change in membership. Moreover, each member was liable, according to the law, to the punishment of a maximum fine of $5,000 and a maximum imprisonment of five years. At the suggestion of Judge Speer, forty-one men chose to enter a plea of guilty, and upon paying the assessment of the Internal Revenue Department and upon promising by a solemn written obligation never again to violate the National laws, they were dismissed under suspended sentence. Of the three other men indicted one was out of town and ignorant of the indictment, and the other two will have their cases brought up later. The scene in the court-room was not without its picturesque features. The first two men to be called up pleaded guilty; then most of the other men, without counsel, decided to follow their example. Finally, three negroes, who were supposed to have fled the county, having heard that all the white men were in this predicament, made their way through the crowded court-room and joined the rest. The effect of this upon the public sentiment of the city has been pronounced, and has been evident in the renewed determination of the best elements in the city to put down illegal liquor-selling.

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The Problems of Overcrowding

"The population of the world could be contained in Delaware if they were as congested as the people in eleven New York City blocks, at the rate of twelve hundred per acre." That is the inscription on a map hung in the Exhibit of Congestion of Population in New York at the American Museum of Natural History. By such terse statements, by charts, models, diagrams, maps, and in one case at least by a class of children at work, this exhibit

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has been presenting this week and last the numerous human problems that arise from the density of population in the American metropolis. The visitor, if he has any human sympathy, finds the first effect of this exhibit to be bewilderment and depression. This overcrowding means everything to the people of New York. It affects their health, their education, their criminal elements, their industries, their home life, their buildings, their transportation facilities, their government. The evils of overcrowding weigh most heavily upon those least able to bear them—the children. A graphic illustration of this was contained in a silhouette chart. This gave the relative height and weight of the one-room, two-room, three-room, and four-room child. A boy of thirteen, for example, who had been brought up in a family whose home was confined to the walls of a single room, is 53.4 inches in height; the boy who had been brought up in a family accustomed to quarters containing four rooms is 55.8 inches in height. These two boys represent the average under similar conditions. The figures are given for boys and girls, their height and weight at the ages of five, nine, and thirteen years, and they all tell the same story of the dwarfing, stunting results of overcrowding. Hardly more tragic, though more horrifying, is the story told by the death rate of children. The withering effect of overcrowding is manifested by the story of manufacturing in the tenements of New York. The State is reaching after the factories, but the courts have restrained the Legislature from prohibiting at least one kind of tenement industry, on the strange ground that the government must not invade the home! One lad, who had come to school weary and wild-eyed, explained to the teacher that he had not gone to bed until one o'clock, because the grown people in the room which he called home occupied the space until that hour for their work. When it is said that more than one-third of the men's clothing and almost two-thirds of the women's factory-made clothing in the United States is manufactured in New York City, and that a large proportion of it is produced, in part at least, in the tenements of the poor, the effect of overcrowding in New York City is plainly the concern of the entire Nation. No one knows how widely contagious diseases are spread from this cause alone. Limitations of space here prohibit the enumeration of many of the evils: the high buildings which flood the streets with a stream of people it is impossible adequately to dispose of; the pest of Raines Law hotels; the almost hopeless conditions of filth and suffocation under which thousands upon thousands are forced to live; the inadequacy of present transportation facilities—these constitute only a portion of these evils, but they are enough to indicate the towering magnitude of the problem.

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The Cures for Overcrowding

The very existence of this Exhibition, however, is an indication that the problem is not paralyzing but is rather stimulating to those who are most concerned at it. Along with the charts and the pictures showing the evil conditions hang the charts suggesting weapons by which the people may be delivered from those evils. Tenement-house conditions may be bad in New York, but they have not been neglected. Structures which were once admired as models are now not even up to the standard set by the law. Narrow air-shafts which were once regarded as humanitarian extravagances are now illegal, and in all new tenements are replaced by courtyards; models showing the advance made from a generation ago to to-day prove to be an impressive exhibit of progress. Then there are suggestions for homes in outlying districts where there is more space. It will surprise most inhabitants of New York City to know that there are over one hundred thousand acres within the limits of the city in which the population averages less than three to the acre. Suggestions for utilizing this vast unoccupied region are numerous and not ill considered. Close to this come suggestions for improvements in transportation: models of double-decked cars which, though in use in New Zealand and Delagoa Bay, have not yet apparently been heard of in New York; suggestions for practical air-brakes and fenders to

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reduce the awful loss of life in the congested streets of New York City; plans for moving platforms accommodating a much greater crowd than any ordinary car system; plans for the modification of fare zones so as to distribute the population more evenly by adjusting more intelligently the cost of transportation. Efforts were reported for the distribution of alien immigrants through the farming regions of the United States. One society has succeeded in seven years in transporting to the farms 37,000 people, representing 157 trades. Of these 85 per cent have remained where they were sent. After all, however, none of these efforts can be altogether successful so long as economic conditions call lustily for people to throng into the lower part of Manhattan. The only fundamental cure is the alteration of these economic conditions. This can be secured, as has been pointed out, by moving the factories from the thickly settled portion of the city into its outlying districts; a law limiting factory construction to such regions would be a centrifugal force. As Governor Hughes declared in his speech on Monday evening of last week, at the opening of the Exhibition: "Our problem of distribution is not simply the problem of distributing people; it is a problem of distributing work." No more encouraging words were said at any of the meetings in connection with this Exhibition than these of the Governor: "I might say we have hardly begun to realize what a proper exercise of the police powers of the State under a true theory of government can do with regard to these conditions."

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Educated Men and Music

An unusual and significant enterprise in connection with college and university education in this country is being successfully carried out by Mr. Arthur Whiting, the well-known pianist, composer, and teacher of New York City. Believing that the scheme of education in American colleges and universities does not sufficiently recognize music as one of the great liberal arts, Mr. Whiting about a year ago formulated a plan which should enable the undergraduates in each of several of our Eastern colleges to hear a series of eight concert-lectures or expositions of classical and modern chamber music. The plan was cordially approved by the authorities at Amherst, the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Williams, and Princeton. One of the essentials of the plan was that the audiences should be exclusively composed of undergraduates, whose attendance, however, was to be entirely voluntary and without charge. Some of the alumni of these institutions undertook to raise the necessary funds to pay the expenses of the plan, and the lecture-recitals are now being given at Harvard and Princeton, with more success than was even hoped for by the promoters. Two difficulties, however, have made it so far impossible to extend the series to other colleges. First, there is the difficulty of impressing upon the average college alumnus, from whom the necessary funds must come, the propriety and necessity of including an appreciation of music in the equipment provided by a so-called liberal education; this indifference to the real position of music in the realm of art only emphasizes the importance of Mr. Whiting's undertaking. Second, there is the difficulty presented by the financial disturbance of last autumn, which made the raising of money for anything but the necessities of life an extra-hazardous occupation. The eight programmes have been arranged after careful study with the object of giving the hearers a pretty complete survey of the range of modern chamber music. Programme I comprises songs, with pianoforte accompaniment, of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Programme II, for the pianoforte alone, introduces Scarlatti, Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Programme III deals with the string quartet, its chief feature being Beethoven's quartet in F Major performed by strings. In Programme IV the harpsichord, which was the forerunner of the pianoforte and was Bach's concert instrument, is played and compared with the piano. For this purpose Mr. Whiting has had built a harpsichord in exact reproduction of the old-time instruments. Programme V is devoted to a study of the

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violin and piano sonata form, in which Beethoven and César Franck are compared. Programme VI is another song programme, consisting of early Italian, early English, characteristic Irish, and some of the greatest German songs. Programme VII is a pianoforte programme, ranging from the Englishman Byrde, of the sixteenth century, to Dvořák and Debussy, of the twentieth. The final programme consists of Brahms's quintet in F Minor for strings and piano. Mr. Whiting's method is to discuss and expound these programmes in a way that will interest his undergraduate audience in the biography, history, and thematic and poetic construction of the compositions under consideration, and then to proceed to the performance in regular recital form. Mr. Whiting's lectures, while founded upon accurate and scholarly professional knowledge, are far from academic; he understands men as well as music, and touches of humor and striking analogies to other forms of life and art serve to make his subject one of vital human interest to his audience. The present writer attended the recent recital at Princeton of the fifth programme. Four hundred students of the University attended, and showed by their close attention and quick response the human as well as the artistic significance of the occasion. It will be a great pity if this novel addition to the usual curriculum of American colleges cannot be enjoyed next season by a much enlarged group of colleges.

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A Crusade for Liberation

So rapidly has industry developed that Americans at least have not been able to withstand its incidental but very serious evils. We can now light our fires with coal from Pennsylvania, but we have not yet learned to do so without cost to the breaker-boys; we can get our garments ready-made and have them laundered easily and cheaply, but we have not yet learned to do so without enormous cost to the women of the race. The story of the fight on behalf of overworked women which was won before the United States Supreme Court may put heart in those who believe that ultimately we shall make industry for the sake of humanity and not regard humanity as existing for the sake of industry. As The Outlook has reported, the State of Oregon proceeded against a laundryman for violating one of its laws by employing women for a greater number of hours than the law allowed. The highest court in Oregon sustained the law, and the laundryman appealed. Thereupon the Oregon State Consumers' League notified the National Consumers' League that ammunition was needed to contest the appeal before the United States Supreme Court. The case involved not merely legal questions but also questions of social and industrial conditions. As in any such case where special questions are raised, the prosecuting officer exhibits wisdom in calling upon an expert to give assistance. Through the good offices of the National Consumers' League, Mr. John Manning, the District Attorney who had the case in charge, invited Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, of Boston, to co-operate. Mr. Brandeis, who gave his services gratuitously in this case, saw that the crux of the case lay in the human facts, medical and social, involved in woman's work. He outlined a brief and called upon the National Consumers' League to collect and arrange the facts. Although the time was short, Miss Josephine Goldmark, of the League, commenced delving into the libraries—Columbia University Library, the Astor Library, and the Congressional Library were put at her service. Ten readers were busied in the labor. One of them, a young medical student, devoted himself solely to reading on the hygiene of occupations. It is significant that there is a lack of American statistics on this subject; there is plenty of opinion; the general conditions are a matter of common knowledge; but what we need are specific facts. Evidently Europe is ahead of America in this respect, and the foreign medical opinions are among the most impressive which were ultimately incorporated in the brief. It is only a lawyer with a broad view and large mind who would be willing to do what Mr. Brandeis did—go before the Supreme Court of the United States with a brief of one hundred and

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thirteen printed pages of which only two pages could be construed as a strictly legal argument. The result of this impressive presentation of facts—which were not, because they could not be, controverted by the plaintiff in error—has been recorded in The Outlook. It was a unanimous decision by the Court that the present and future mothers of the race are worthy of defense against the greed of man. The brief has attracted very wide attention; there is demand for it from lawyers, economists, college professors, and publicists. It is to be reprinted by the Russell Sage Foundation. Information with regard to the distribution of this brief may be had by writing to the National Consumers' League, Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. The success of this piece of work has convinced the National Consumers' League that there is a new field of service for it. As a consequence the League has voted to have a permanent committee in defense of labor laws. Cases are continually arising and information of the sort which it supplied in the Oregon case is continually needed. Child labor, woman's night work, and dangerous occupations for women and children indicate the extent of the field in which this service can be rendered. It is an immense task which the League has undertaken, and in performing it the League deserves the support of every one who cares less for dollars than for people.

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Sky-Scrapers

Office buildings of abnormal height are not unfitly termed "sky-scrapers." The workers in their lower stories and those of adjoining buildings are deprived of air, light, and sunshine, and passers-by in the street also suffer the loss of these essentials to health. But they suffer as well from street congestion, because the tall structures may have doubled the street's population. Finally, in the opinion of many, general danger from fire has been increased by the number of sky-scrapers and by the character of some of them. By far the greater number of these buildings may be found in the lower part of New York City. They would be found in the metropolis in any event, but the narrowness of Manhattan Island constitutes a special reason for their construction there. Of these structures the Singer Building is now the highest and most prominent. Its architect is Mr. Ernest Flagg. It consists of a large office building on the street and, somewhat behind, an immensely tall edifice, exceeding forty stories in height, so tall, indeed, as to deserve the name "The Singer Tower." This high portion occupies less than a quarter of the entire area of the Singer plot. The tall tower has been so built as to depend entirely on its own land for its light. Thus, since it touches no adjoining property, the architect was able to provide an ornamental façade on all four sides. As no wood has been used in its construction, the edifice is supposed to be practically fireproof. Its effect has been somewhat interfered with by the erection, on the adjoining plot, of a huge office building, the highest, next to the Singer, in the city. Many observers have remarked that some municipal law ought to be devised to prevent such very close proximity of abnormally high buildings. Mr. Flagg advocates the following practical plan, of which the Singer tower forms a concrete illustration and a "standing argument." First, he would allow the erection of buildings to a height equal to one and a half times the width of the street. Secondly, he would not limit the additional height to which part of the building can be carried, provided this part does not cover a greater area than one-quarter of the whole plot, provided that this part is kept back from the outside building line, thus insuring sufficient light to all concerned, provided no wood is used in the high part, and provided the façades are treated architecturally. But some constructors of high buildings, desiring to build on more than a quarter of the plot, might find the adjoining property occupied by a low building. Its owner might be willing to sell his right to construct a high edifice on a quarter of his land. Such prospective sellers and buyers should be permitted, as Mr. Flagg suggests, to conclude a sale of rights. As a whole, it would seem as if this ingenious scheme ought to work auto-

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matically, preventing the continued shutting out of air and light from those who need it most, the erection of more non-fireproof high buildings, the further perpetration of vast brick walls unrelieved even by a window, and, finally, the proximity of structures sometimes unpleasantly opposite in character.

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Living and Learning for Thirty-eight Cents a Day

"Who would believe, without actual demonstration, that it is possible to prepare an abundant, well-cooked, and wholly satisfactory dinner of four courses, and serve it on a neat, linen-covered, flower-decorated table, in a warm, light, well-ventilated hall, for the relatively insignificant sum of ten cents?" But Mr. George Kennan, in an article in McClure's Magazine, writes of an institution where the feat is performed daily, not as an act of charity or a sociological demonstration, but as a straightforward business transaction. The institution is the second largest university in the United States, which many readers will doubtless be surprised to learn is situated at Valparaiso, Indiana. Not only is the regular price for dinner ten cents, but breakfast and supper cost only four cents each, a good bed in a single furnished room five cents a day, and tuition fifteen cents a day. So at Valparaiso University, which has an enrollment of over five thousand, second only to Harvard, students of both sexes can obtain board, lodging, and higher education for thirty-eight cents a day, or about $125 a year—less than the average American college charges for tuition alone. "The first meal that I took in the Valparaiso University," says Mr. Kennan, "was a four-cent breakfast, served at six A.M. in Heritage Hall. It consisted of delicious apple sauce, bread and butter, rolled oats, baked potatoes, coffee with milk and sugar, and big red apples of the highest market grade. Everything was unlimited in quantity, and I began the day with as good and hearty a meal as any student need desire." It might be noted, in passing, that the breakfast hour in itself sets the University in a class alone among American colleges. Who could imagine a student at Yale, or Princeton, or Amherst, or Cornell, breakfasting daily at six o'clock? Mr. Kennan's first supper at the University was eaten in another hall, and cost four cents. It consisted of hot tea biscuits, French fried potatoes, steamed rice, baked apples with sugar and milk, stewed peaches, gingerbread, and tea. "Everything," says Mr. Kennan, "was as good as it would have been in a well-managed private household." The dinner menus, samples of which are given by Mr. Kennan, are at least as good as those provided at the average college boarding-house, where the cost of board is probably never less than four times the cost at Valparaiso. The meals are served in the different dining-halls to from six hundred to over a thousand students at a time. The serving is done by student helpers, who receive their board free in return for their service.

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How it is Done

The secret of the low prices at which such appetizing food can be furnished lies partly in management and partly in the elimination of middlemen and the purchase of raw foodstuffs in large quantities. Constant attention is paid to the smallest economies, such as the saving and selling of table and kitchen leavings and refuse, the buying of sorted potatoes of uniform size, and the cutting of bread in thin slices. The purpose of this last custom is not, as might at first appear, economy in the use of bread, but economy in the use of other more expensive kinds of food. Bread—one of the cheapest articles of food—is cut very thin in order to tempt students to eat more of it. The University obtains its raw food material at low prices in several ways. It has seven acres of garden, cultivated mainly by students, where vegetables are raised with great economy. Other things are grown by local farmers under a form of contract which gives the farmer a fair and certain profit and the University a good supply of the vegetables at a very low price. In buying the staple food materials the University buys by the ton

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or car-load direct from importers, jobbers, or wholesale dealers. Flour in five-hundred-barrel lots comes directly from the Minnesota mills; coffee is obtained by the ton from the importers, at about fifteen cents a pound; and fresh meat is bought by the dressed carcass from local farmers and from the Chicago packing-houses, at from six to nine cents per pound for beef. "In a recent letter to the San Francisco Argonaut," says Mr. Kennan, "President Benjamin Ide Wheeler reported the case of a poor student in the University of California, who slept on a third-story stair landing, and by living on 'skim milk and old bread, balanced with a little fruit and meat,' reduced the cost of his daily food to twenty cents a day. For only two cents more—that is, for twenty-two cents a day—he might have had in Valparaiso a good bed in a furnished room and three excellent meals." Students are housed at the University almost as economically as they are fed. In the older dormitories a furnished room for two occupants costs sixty cents a week, and a sitting-room and bedroom one dollar a week. In the newest dormitory a suite of two rooms with hot and cold water and heat costs one dollar a week each for two occupants. At these rates the dormitories give a return of from six to eight per cent on the money invested in them. The University has no endowment. It was started thirty-four years ago by two comparatively poor men. Out of the profits on food, shelter, and instruction, furnished at the absurdly low rates already given, the managers have acquired fifty acres of land, have bought or erected nine substantial buildings, have earned and saved nearly a million dollars, and have created a university which has a staff of one hundred and sixty-two professors and instructors, and which gives educational training to more than five thousand students of both sexes. The educational side of the work is another story. There, too, are put in practice many practical, common-sense ideas which might be studied with interest and perhaps with profit by other institutions of learning. But on the purely business side the University presents a demonstration which should give many hints to those who are searching for a solution of the very difficult problem of living under present conditions.

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A New Tree Disease

What our trees are worth in hard money is indicated by the statement, made by a naturalist of authority, that not less than five million dollars' worth of damage has already been done to chestnut trees in this country by the ravages due to a hitherto unknown vegetable parasite which, as reported by Dr. John Mickleborough in a Brooklyn paper, is the most threatening of its kind among forest trees of our country to-day. It has appeared extensively in western Long Island, and has been noted also in other parts of southern New York and in Connecticut and New Jersey. It is particularly difficult to deal with, because the ordinary methods of holding insect pests in check, such as fumigation or spraying, do not apply to this purely vegetable fungus parasite. In Prospect Park, Brooklyn, already more than fourteen hundred chestnut trees have been felled, and there is great danger that all of the beautiful trees of this species in the Park will be destroyed very quickly, and that the tree pestilence may extend rapidly to other parts of the country. Apparently the best remedy is something like that used in such terribly destructive city fires as that of San Francisco, where it is sometimes found necessary to sacrifice whole blocks of houses in order that their destruction by dynamite may leave an open space across which the fire cannot sweep. The application of this principle to the chestnut tree epidemic would mean the clearing out of a strip of several miles in length to cut off the advance of the disease. This might be done perhaps without much difficulty in such a location as Long Island, but elsewhere might present serious practical problems. One of the odd things about this plague is that all forest trees except the chestnut are immune, and the clearing of a strip, as proposed above, would mean only the destruction of the chestnut trees in that strip of land. The ravages of the disease are carried

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on through the spores put forth by the fungus and carried by the wind to other chestnut trees, where the spores get access through any opening in the bark and develop underneath the bark, spreading until a circle is made around the affected branch as completely as if it had been done artificially. The United States Agricultural Department and the New York State authorities are studying the situation, and it is hoped may suggest some remedy.

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Liberals and Socialists

The cleavage in the House of Commons between the Liberals on one side and the extreme Socialists and Laborites on the other was precipitated by a vote on one section of the Unemployed Workmen's Bill, on Friday evening of last week. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, these loosely allied forces should separate; and it was anticipated that the bill which finally brought about this result would have far-reaching political consequences. It provided, among other things, that local authorities must find work for all unemployed persons within their respective areas; or, failing to furnish work, must maintain them while out of work. This was the most radical piece of legislation which has yet been seriously considered by the House of Commons. But in the present state of feeling in England it was feared that many Liberals would hesitate to vote against the measure on account of uncertainty about the opinions of their constituents. It is significant that two hundred and eighty-eight members of the House were absent when the vote was taken, and that a majority of these were Liberals. It is also significant that thirty-two Liberals voted against the Government, as did a large number of Irish members. The Labor members were by no means a unit in support of the measure. Mr. Frederick Maddison, Labor member from Burnley, declared that the provision in the bill referred to would throw more men out of work than it would provide work for; that there was much to be done by legislation to the advantage of the great body of English people, but that "solid ground must not be confused with the treacherous mass of State Socialism which would crush individual liberty and strike a fatal blow at organized labor." John Burns, who represents the working people of England in the Ministry and has long been one of their foremost leaders, made an earnest speech against the bill, declaring that the Government would make a mistake if it sought to exalt fustian and corduroy above frock-coat and top-hat government. He probably added, though the cable makes no report of it, that what England needs is a government neither of frock coat nor of fustian, but of both. He declared that more money was given in England to the relief of the poor, the aged, the impotent, the sick, the halt, the lame, and the blind, than in any other country in the world, and predicted that the great fabric which trade-unionism and the friendly societies had built up would not last two years if the bill were passed. The serious illness of the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has thrown the leadership of the House of Commons for the Government on Mr. Henry Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man of great vigor, decision, and extreme resourcefulness in debate. He strongly opposed the bill, declaring that it involved ultimate State control of the whole machinery of production, and would vastly aggravate the problem of lack of employment. By a vote of 241 to 95 an amendment expressing the hope that the Government will consider the recommendations in the forthcoming report of the Poor Law Commission, so far as they deal with the question of the unemployed, was substituted for the provision directing local authorities to find work or maintenance for all unemployed in their districts.

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International Hysteria

It is very difficult to understand the motive which prompts respectable newspapers to blow simple matters into a great sensational bubble, which inevitably bursts and leaves a certain discredit behind it. Americans are unfortunately familiar with the antics of the sensational press, and the result is that nobody believes in statements which appear

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in newspapers of that class until they have been substantiated. The London Times has sinned against truth, patriotism, and sound journalistic policy before, but never more conspicuously than in its assertion, ten days ago, that Emperor William had written a private letter to Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the Admiralty, in which he brought his influence to bear to secure a reduction of the British naval estimates. The publication of this statement by a leading newspaper was followed by one of those sudden attacks of hysteria from which no people, not even the British, are entirely exempt. A very considerable part of England was in arms at the idea of a foreign monarch, and especially the German Emperor, daring to interfere with British affairs, and especially with the navy. England was in an uproar. Questions were fired at the Government in both Houses of Parliament. It was taken for granted in certain quarters that the Emperor had been guilty of a grave impertinence, and he was promptly condemned, while nearly everybody seemed to have agreed that Lord Tweedmouth had made a foolish display of vanity by communicating the fact that he had received a letter from the Emperor, or that he had been guilty of a very grave indiscretion. The Ministry treated the whole matter with a kind of scornful indifference exactly suited to its importance. It was from beginning to end an irresponsible and silly performance, although it might have become a dangerous one. The demand to print the letter without the consent of the writer was met by a resolute "No." Lord Tweedmouth declared that the letter was wholly personal and private, and he also stated that he had submitted it to a member of the Cabinet, Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who agreed with him in regarding it as a purely private and personal matter, in connection with which neither the Cabinet nor the public had any business. Meanwhile the Times has very seriously discredited itself. At a time when the cultivation of amicable relations with Germany is the leading note of English diplomacy and is one of the most important results to be secured in world politics, for the sake of calling attention to itself by a passing sensation it gravely misrepresented a very innocent fact, and led a considerable part of the British public into a very untenable and undignified position. There is no more reason why the German Emperor should not correspond with a member of the British Cabinet, provided the correspondence is personal in its character, than that he should not write occasional letters to the President of the United States.

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Edmondo de Amicis Edmondo de Amicis, who died at Bordighera in Italy last week, was one of the most widely read Italian authors out of his country, and one of the most popular within its limits. He graduated from a military academy, entered the army, and saw active service. His first literary success was a volume of sketches of army life, published in 1868. In the meantime he had had some experience as a journalist. The recognition which his sketches received seemed to put solid ground under his literary tastes and aspirations. He promptly gave up both the military and journalistic careers and became a traveler, having both a desire to see the world and a natural gift of description. In a series of voyages he saw England, Holland, Spain, Africa, Turkey, South America, and, later, other parts of the world. The record of these journeys in his various books on Spain, Constantinople, Morocco, and other volumes, showed keen power of observation, kindly humor, the faculty of sympathetic comprehension of other customs and races, and the warmth and color of impressionism in point of style. Less sentimental than Lamartine, less brilliant than Gautier, with a stronger structure of thought than Loti, less delicately sensitive to color and sympathethic suggestion than Lafcadio Hearn, he combined in an unusual degree the qualities which make a popular recorder of travel. The best of his reports speedily became text-books in many different languages. One of his later volumes, "The Heart of a Boy," which had a great circulation in Italy and has

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been widely appreciated in other countries, was a charming story of school life, which deserves to rank among the best half-dozen tales which boys love to read. In his later years he became greatly interested in educational and economic questions; and his more recent books indicate a marked socialistic tendency.

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Important Hittite Discoveries

Under the title of "The First Appearance of the Aryans in history," our recent visitor, Professor Eduard Meyer, of Berlin, gives in the report of the session of the Prussian Academy of January 9, 1908, the conclusions drawn by him from the clay tablets discovered by Winckler last summer at Boghazkiöi, the site of the capital of the ancient Hittite empire. This site is in northeastern Asia Minor, in the region afterwards called Cappadocia, and about eighty-five miles east of the modern Angora. Meyer's conclusions are fairly startling, and—it would seem—quite incontrovertible. Princely and dynastic names of distinctly Iranian type had already been noted among the Tell-el-Amarna tablets of 1400 B.C. Meyer has recently assembled and critically scrutinized the available material for the oldest history of the Iranians, and come to the conclusion that they had migrated as early as the seventeenth century B.C. to the regions in which we find them in historical times, and that occasional hordes of them had pressed yet further west and southwest into Mesopotamia and Syria and founded dynasties, and that among them was Mitani, a district on both sides of the upper Euphrates. Meyer's assumptions are now confirmed in the most welcome and surprising manner by Winckler's reports of certain tablets which are the original documents of treaties made between the Hittite king and the king of Mitani about 1400 B.C. We find invoked, as guardians of the contracts, the gods of both kingdoms; and among those of Mitani, according to Winckler's reading, *mi-it-ra u-ru-w-na* (or *a-ru-na*) *in-da-ra na-š[a]-at-ti-ia*. These he identifies with the Indo-Iranian deities Mitra and Varuna, Indra and Nasatya. In the Veda, Mitra and Varuna form a pair so closely connected that their names often appear as a compound; and in one passage this last is true of Indra and Nasatya. There can be no doubt as to the identification. By the juxtaposition of the four deities and their grouping, every possibility of accident is excluded. The tablets carry us back to the period of Aryan unity. Of a correspondence between the language and religion of the ancestors of the Hindus and of the Iranians, which had already been inferred from the comparative study of the Veda and the Avesta, these tablets are, after three and thirty centuries, the visible and tangible documentary evidence.

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Thoughts for Lent

In the desert the Christ was brought face to face with himself, and this is always a crisis in a man's life. In some cases it invokes the temptation, in some cases the temptation precipitates it. The youth, whose heart has gone out to the beauty and interest of the world flowing like a fathomless tide about him, is suddenly arrested and compelled to look inward when some powerful appeal penetrates his senses, and, by forcing a moral issue on him, brings him to a consciousness of what he is and of the complexity of his nature and its relations to the order of life. Temptation knocking at the door has awakened many a man to the existence and meaning of the moral structure of the world; and a sudden yielding to evil where evil was but half discerned has often broken in upon the dream of innocence like a sudden terror in the night, and men have fallen into the mire before they fully understood what dangers lie on either side of the highway of rectitude. In the Syrian desert, as the mysterious narrative is now read, temptation followed close upon the dawn of self-consciousness. The Christ was driven into the solitude to find himself in the vast confusion and uncertainty that must have come rolling in upon him like the sea when he began to realize his powers and his momentous work. As young men sometimes feel with a mysterious divination the toils and triumphs which await them in the years to come,

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so he may have divined the immense meaning of his life and the sorrow, suffering, and glory of it.

Silence and solitude are the warders of the gate through which a man passes to knowledge of himself. Temptation comes to him in crowded places, and the lessons he learns from others are manifold; but this knowledge takes on order and becomes a revelation of himself to himself only in stillness and seclusion. In the quiet of the desert the Christ made acquaintance with himself. When he emerged, it was to set his hand to his work without a glance backward to quiet days and sweet human relationships. The great experience was not primarily one of temptation, though temptation takes on a dramatic form in it. It was the momentous crisis through which a man passes when he comes to the consciousness of what he is and what life is, and the temptation was incidental. Satan appears as a chief actor in the narrative, and the story reads like a record of the Christ's contacts with him; but the deeper reading shows us the Christ meeting himself and God in the lonely place. In this preoccupied age, when men and women rush from task to task, they sometimes live and die without coming face to face with themselves. Life is so entirely a matter of brains and hands that they are barely conscious of a soul. Work makes such insistent demands on energy and strength that life becomes an unbroken outgo of vitality, a purely objective process, and the immortal spirit within hardly appears above the horizon of consciousness. The life that is all action never has either clarity or depth. It may accomplish many valuable things; it never accomplishes its own higher destiny. However active and useful a man may be, he never comes to full spiritual stature until he comes to knowledge of himself. People whose chief occupations and interests lie wholly without the sphere of the inner life often have the attractiveness of children; they are wholesome, active, merry; but they never lay hold on life, and the deeper things are hidden from them. Self-consciousness is to be avoided as a contagious disease; but consciousness of self, looking one's life resolutely in the face, taking honest account of what one has and what one lacks, facing the issues of life and recognizing what they involve, form the beginning of the conscious, intelligent life of the spirit. And this knowledge comes only in stillness and solitude. In the tumult of action a man tests his character and develops his strength; in silence he finds himself.

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The Hague Conventions

A fortnight ago President Roosevelt sent to the Senate copies of the conventions, or agreements, adopted last summer by the Hague Peace Conference. They are as follows:

1. Concerning the pacific settlement of international conflicts in general.
2. Concerning the settlement of contractual debts without war.
3. Concerning the opening of hostilities.
4. Concerning the laws and customs of land warfare.
5. Concerning the rights and duties of neutral states and individuals in land warfare.
6. Concerning the treatment of an enemy's merchant ships at the outbreak of hostilities.
7. Concerning the transformation of merchant ships into vessels of war.
8. Concerning the placing of submarine mines.
9. Concerning the bombardment of undefended towns by naval forces.
10. Concerning the adaptations of the principles of the Geneva Red Cross Convention to naval warfare.
11. Concerning restrictions upon the right of capture in naval warfare.
12. Concerning the establishment of an International Prize Court.
13. Concerning the rights and duties of neutral states in naval warfare.

Also a declaration prohibiting the launching of projectiles from balloons and air-ships.

It seems strange that certain organs of public opinion persist in saying that "the net results of the labors of the

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Conference are not very impressive," as did the usually sober New York Journal of Commerce last week; or as having been a "fiasco," a term employed by the London Times and the New York Sun. Secretary Root's letter to the President, in transmitting the conventions to the Senate, is worth quoting:

> Let me go beyond the limits of the customary formal letter of transmittal, and say that I think the work of the second Hague Conference, which is mainly embodied in these conventions, presents the greatest advance ever made at any single time toward the reasonable and peaceful regulation of international conduct, unless it be the advance made at the Hague Conference of 1899.
>
> The most valuable result of the Conference of 1899 was that it made the work of the Conference of 1907 possible. The achievements of the two Conferences justify the belief that the world has entered upon an orderly process through which, step by step, in successive Conferences, each taking the work of its predecessor as its point of departure, there may be continual progress toward making the practice of civilized nations conform to their peaceful professions.

Of the thirteen conventions, ten were signed by the American delegation. Last week the Senate ratified seven of these ten conventions and is considering the others. The principal objections by Senators, so far, have been made to the convention concerning an international prize court. This court, if established, is to adjudicate disputes involved in the capture of vessels by belligerents, unlimited right of appeal being given in all cases where neutrals are concerned. If a ship is seized by a nation at war, it is taken as prize before the nearest court of that nation, and the case is there adjudged, or, later, at a higher court. Often difficulties arise which cannot be fairly met by any tribunal belonging to a belligerent. Injustice and bad feeling result. How may these be prevented? Clearly, by the establishment of an international court.

The objections are three. First, some Senators object to a possibility of an appeal from the United States Supreme Court to an international court; in other words, they object to the principle of international arbitration.

Secondly, they argue that there is less occasion for an appeal from our courts than from those of any other country, because in our jurisprudence the courts consider not only the phrasing of the statutes, but also the intent of legislators and the equities involved. One might answer that, if our courts are so equitable, that very fact should enable us confidently to allow an appeal to an international court, with the assurance that our courts' decisions would be sustained.

Thirdly, Senators are inquiring, Where and what are the laws to be applied? At present the subject is governed almost exclusively by the private law of the respective belligerents. But an international prize court would follow any conventions existing between the parties; conventions failing, it would apply the rules of international law; and if rules generally recognized do not exist, it would decide in accordance with the general principles of justice and equity. Thus the court would *make* law. One may well believe, as Professor Renault prophesied at The Hague, that the fear of its judges' just judgments may be for belligerents the beginning of wisdom!

But, since unlimited right of appeal to the court is given in cases where neutrals are concerned, the court's establishment is of particular importance to all neutrals. Indeed, one may apply the strong adjective used by the leader of the American delegation at The Hague: "Representing as we do a widely extended maritime nation, and a nation which hopes, nay, confidently expects, always in the future to be a neutral nation, we deem the establishment of an international prize court to be matter of *supreme* importance." We hope that the Senate will take the same view.

In any case, whether the Senate accepts or declines the convention providing for an international prize court, the principle of arbitration as represented by it, as well as by a general arbitration treaty, is bound ultimately to prevail. If the efforts of the second Hague Conference to this end have not been successful, we are convinced that they will be renewed, perhaps in more acceptable form, at the third Conference and at every succeeding Conference until they finally prevail. And they will prevail!

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The Plan of the Plutocrats

By the plutocrats we do not mean the very rich. There are very rich men who are not plutocrats; there are plutocrats who are not very rich men. A democrat is a man who believes in government by the people for the people; a plutocrat is a man who believes in government by the rich for the rich.

The plutocrat believes that the object of government is to protect person and property—especially property. Government should simply preserve order while the individuals make money. For the chief end of man is to glorify money and enjoy it for—as long as he lives and his children after him. If government does this, the shrewd and sagacious will make money; the less shrewd and less sagacious will make less money, but they will generally make enough to live, and that is enough—for the less shrewd and sagacious. The plutocrat, therefore, measures all government policies by their effect in dollars and cents. A policy which reduces the chance of the shrewd and sagacious to make money and increases the chance of the less shrewd and sagacious to make money is an unjust policy, because money rewards should be proportional to shrewdness and sagacity. In the view of the plutocrat the object of government is to promote money-making; and the money made should go to those who show the greatest shrewdness in making it. If a policy tends to weaken the confidence of the plain people in the shrewd and sagacious money-maker, it is a dishonest and disastrous policy, and is to be condemned. For if the public confidence in the moral infallibility of the great money-maker is impaired, his power to make money will be seriously weakened. And this is fatal to the ends for which society is constituted—the making of money.

This is the first principle of the plutocrats; the second principle is a natural deduction. Clearly the best and wisest in the community should govern. But since the object of society is to make money, and the standard of excellence is ability to make money, it follows that the shrewd and sagacious money-makers should control the government. Or, to put the principle in other language, since the object of legislation should be to promote prosperity, and since the shrewd and sagacious money-makers have demonstrated their ability to secure prosperity for themselves, they should direct the legislation. The plutocrat is not necessarily dishonest; but his standard of honesty is a little apt to become the Turkish standard. He does not always think it dishonest to buy legislators; this is only dividing the profit of shrewdness and sagacity between the partners in the enterprise. Honesty does not require that legislators should not be bought; it only requires that they should stay bought.

The plutocrats are all opposed to the so-called Roosevelt policy. They are opposed to legislation the object of which is to promote a greater distribution of wealth; they are opposed to legislation the object of which is to decrease the power of the very wealthy; they are opposed to legislation the object of which is to make the Nation's highways give equal service to all the people. All this is inconsistent with the fundamental principle of the plutocrats that the shrewd and sagacious should inherit the earth and should control their inheritance. If money should be power, it is clearly unjust to legislate for the purpose of reducing the power of money.

The plutocrats are not the only ones in America who are opposed to the Roosevelt policy. Some men are opposed to that policy because they do not like Mr. Roosevelt or because they distrust him; some men because they think the concentration of wealth is less to be feared than the concentration of political power; some because they believe that if trade is left to natural law, natural law will in time overcome the power of the plutocrats; some because they believe that it is inevitable that the shrewd and sagacious should possess great power, and they trust to a moral development which will cause the powerful to use their great powers for the general good; and some because they think the Roosevelt policy of Federal control is not radical enough,

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that nothing will be effective but such a social revolution as will make very rich men an impossibility. But the sinews of war in the coming campaign will be furnished by the plutocrats, that is, by the men who believe—quite honestly and sincerely believe—in government for the wealthy by the wealthy.

Will be? They are now being so furnished. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent in advertisements printed in the newspapers of the country arguing against the Roosevelt policy of National regulation and control of the great corporations commonly called trusts. So long as these contributions are published as advertisements, not as reading matter, so long as it is clear to the reader that the advertisement is an advertisement, not a spontaneous expression of the opinion of the editor, this is an entirely legitimate campaign. There is no reason why men, whatever their opinions, should not use the advertising columns of the daily and weekly press to put those opinions before the American people. One may be curious to know where the half or three-quarters of a million dollars come from that are being expended in these advertisements. They can hardly come from the Democratic treasury. It is too early for so large a campaign fund, and the Bryan Democracy is as opposed to plutocracy as is Roosevelt Republicanism. But the contributors to this fund might cite authority for not letting their right hand know what their left hand is doing. The Outlook could not, if it would, give to the public the names of these generous contributors to the public education; we do not know that we would do so if we could.

But while the public does not know and does not need to know the names of the generous contributors to this educational campaign, it is well that the public should have an inkling of what is the plan of that campaign. That plan is as follows: By extensive advertising to counteract the spontaneous expression of public opinion, which has not shown itself friendly to the principles of the plutocrats, and as far as possible to modify the editorial judgments by a liberal subsidizing of the press through the advertising columns. We do not think that this part of the plan is likely to meet with distinguished success, but success is not unreasonably anticipated by these men who are under the illusion that money is everywhere and always a dominant power. They naturally judge others by themselves. By this early campaign the plutocrats hope to secure at Chicago the nomination of a Republican candidate who is opposed to the Roosevelt policy, or at least one who can be depended on not to promote that policy. Failing in that, the plutocrats will be ready to make generous contributions to the Democratic campaign fund, not because they believe that Mr. Bryan is favorable to the plutocrats or indifferent to plutocracy, but because they reckon that with a Democratic President and a Republican Senate nothing can be done for four years to come to weaken the power of the plutocrats. This does not seem to The Outlook a very far-seeing plan. Of its wisdom we may speak hereafter. But readers who are inclined to think the suggestion an incredible one will do well to remember that plutocrats have never been remarkable for their power of vision. Four years is a long look ahead for men who believe in government by money and for money.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has a habit of reading The Outlook. For him its utterances are not without significance. Not infrequently they influence his own conduct. When recently he read the editorial on "Reading in Idleness," he felt a new sense of liberty, the liberty to indulge in harmless recreation in order that he might make his serious work still more effective. While he was in this mood, an invitation came to him to attend a dinner and an entertainment given at the house of a gentleman distinguished for his intellectual superiority as well as for his wealth. The invitation meant also the opportunity to meet a group of men of the same sort, though not of the same wealth; and among them was expected a man who has made contribu-

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tions to philosophy and ethics of lasting value. His name is withheld for obvious reasons. It is a fine opportunity, thought the Spectator, to see how men of such intellectual altitude really unbend, and what sort of amusement diverts them.

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It goes without saying that the dinner was good and well served. But this was not the main reliance of the host. The æsthetic side was looked after by a professional entertainer, a kind of polite vaudeville manager, assisted by three youthful performers. One of them, a girl, played excellently on the flute; another girl danced with remarkable agility, while a boy was a skillful player on the harp and danced with the utmost grace. During the evening a professional comedian came in unexpectedly and made desperate efforts to make the company laugh by his far-fetched jokes. His want of success threw him into a gloomy silence, for which most of the company were grateful. Evidently these gentlemen did not like to have custom-made wit and ill-fitting humor forced upon them; there is too much sense of effort in trying to laugh at things which are not in themselves laughable. But the Spectator was impressed by the humane and delicate courtesy of some of the guests who extended to the unsuccessful comedian their personal consolations and revived his drooping spirits. The host guessed rightly when he thought that music and dancing were, for a while, just the diversion which a lot of thinking men needed to take them out of themselves. The guests were just as pleased by the show as if they had been boys at a circus. Some of the performances had, indeed, something of the circus character. Twelve hoops were brought in, and the dancing girl whirled them into the air and caught them as they came down in perfect time with the music; not once was the rhythm broken. Another performance of the same girl was still more remarkable, but anything but pleasureable. A hoop was brought in upon the rim of which upright swords were fastened. Into the midst of these swords the dancing girl leaped headforemost, and then leaped out again. This performance was apparently harder on the nerves of the spectators than upon those of the girl. Every time she jumped a nervous shudder went through the group. The Spectator was not surprised when the old sage remarked that to leap headforemost into a circle of swords was not a form of entertainment suitable to such a company; and that he would prefer such dancing as that in which the Graces and the Nymphs are painted. But that distinguished philosophic mind could not help making the natural deduction from the event; namely, that "the talent of women is not at all inferior to men in courage or intelligence, and that women can be taught whatever it is worth while for them to know."

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The whole company were not a little surprised when this elderly sage, best known for his contemplative spirit and his love of argument, broke into warm praise of the grace of the dancing boy. "See how this boy, naturally beautiful as he is, is still more beautiful when he dances than when he is at rest! No part of the body is inactive in dancing. The neck, the leg, and the hands are all exercised, and anybody who wants to have a supple body must learn to dance." The company laughed in an incredulous way when the old man seriously confessed that he danced every morning in his room. "The kind of exercise I want," he said, "is not that of a sprinter, who is strong in the legs but weak in the shoulders; or that of a boxer, who is broad in the shoulders but thin in the legs; but exercise that will render every part equally strong—something that will make me eat better and sleep better."

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The fat comedian who had failed to amuse the company with his words thought he might amuse them better with his actions, and so began to dance in imitation of the boy and girl. It was soon evident that it was not motion alone that made dancing interesting, but motion in the right direction; for the spectators who had remarked that the boy was more graceful when he danced than when at repose, noticed that the body of the comedian became more ridiculous than ever. His legs, hands,

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and head were nodding and flying at the same time in all directions. He complained of being thirsty when he got through, and the genial host said, "Well, we are thirsty from laughing at you," and ordered the waiters to fill the glasses again. One of the guests, congratulating the host upon the pleasure he had furnished for eye and ear, wondered whether a symphony of perfumes might not be used likewise for social entertainment for the sake of enlisting an additional sense, and the conversation turned frivolously for a few moments on this suggestion.

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The Spectator wondered whether this living-picture show, this kind of polite vaudeville, would really satisfy this intelligent company for a whole evening, and whether it was not possible for them to get recreation by actually using their brains without straining them. Evidently the old sage was getting a little bored by the purely sensuous character of the entertainment. Nothing for him could take the place of conversation; and though he talked a good deal himself, and, as one of the guests said, there was hardly room for a hair in the pauses of his talk, it must be acknowledged that he had a wonderful faculty of stimulating talk in other people. He soon set the ball rolling by asking every one to state what he considered to be his chief accomplishment. The Spectator then discovered, to his great joy, that conversation is not a lost art. How the wit flowed and sparkled, with just enough froth to crown the goblet! Every one was challenged in turn to say what he valued most, and afterwards to support it by proof or argument. There was A, who does not own a foot of land or a share of stocks, and is always short of money, priding himself upon his wealth, while B prided himself upon his poverty There was C, who valued himself upon his beauty; D, who claimed that he could recite the whole of Homer, both the Iliad and the Odyssey, and the company seemed afraid that he might carry out his threat. E prided himself on his friends, and the comedian consistently boasted of his buffoonery. The host, posing with mock solemnity as a paternal philanthropist, valued his money most, because he could give it away. Every one could produce some argument for his special choice. A explained that men must be considered rich or poor, not with reference to their estates, but with reference to their minds. B, who had lost a fortune, congratulated himself on now being incapable of losing anything, because he had nothing to lose. Not even a shorthand report would convey the tone, the atmosphere, the light banter, the swift repartee, the skillful parrying, the effective home thrust, in the general scrimmage which followed. Though the talk was mainly light, there were moments of deep and noble seriousness, especially when the old sage gave golden counsel to a young man about to enter a political career.

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The Spectator is not in the habit of making public the sayings and doings of an after-dinner party; but the reader will acquit him of all indiscretion in this case when he learns that the dinner party referred to was held in Athens more than four centuries before the Christian era. It is interesting to know that Spectators were in existence at that time, and that one of them, who had always an eye for the outlook, wrote down a detailed account of the banquet, from which this Spectator's version is abridged. While the name of the modern Spectator is still an unsolved mystery, history has been kind enough to reveal the name of this early representative of the family. And it seems as if Xenophon almost foresaw what was coming out in The Outlook's editorial on "Reading in Idleness" when he said, "It seems to me that not only what is done by good and worthy men in the serious affairs of life is worthy of record, but also what they do in their hours of recreation." And it almost seems as if The Outlook was looking back to Xenophon when, with a kind of Grecian bow, it said, "Homeric laughter is the privilege and characteristic of Homeric men, and the deep-toned mirth of great men at play confirms their claim to leadership. . . . For work and play are antiphonal, and make the harmony of a fruitful life."

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TRUSTS AND TRADE UNIONS

DOES JUSTICE TO BOTH REQUIRE THAT OUR ANTI-TRUST LAWS BE AMENDED?

BY PHILIP S. POST, JR.

THE hatters of Connecticut do not arrogate to themselves as much importance as did "the three tailors of Tooley Street," yet they may become responsible for a new chapter in the economic history of the United States. On February 2, 1908, the Supreme Court decided the "Danbury Hat Case,"[1] and held that a boycott organized by the hatters' union and carried out in such a manner as to interfere with inter-State commerce was a violation of the Federal anti-trust law known as the Sherman Act.

A great light has been shed by this decision. Up to this time the Sherman Law has been a nightmare only to capital. Organized labor has looked upon it as a just measure and as a powerful battery in the alleged war between capital and labor. But now it is declared as the supreme law of the land that this Act applies equally to combinations of capital and to combinations of labor; that it includes trade unions as well as trusts; that its penalties are directed against the labor organization which seeks to maintain living wages, quite as much as against the group of business men who combine to avoid ruinous rivalry. These facts are illuminating. For seventeen years the principle of the Sherman Act has been generally accepted. To-day thoughtful men are demanding its amendment. On February 12, 1908, Senator Beveridge said: "We should let honest capital combine for honest industry. . . . The outgrown Sherman Law should be made modern. This is the first legislation needed by honest business." On February 23, 1908, President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, referred to the "Hat Case" as the climax of judicial encroachments against labor unions, and said: "You cannot afford to place the stigma of unlawfulness upon the organizations which have done much within the law to improve the condition of the working people." So imperative is the demand for a rational amendment of our anti-trust laws that a strong and representative Committee of the National Civic Federation is giving the subject special consideration.

Thus, very unexpectedly, the trust problem looms up on the political horizon of 1908. Until this decision it was expected, as a matter of course, that party platforms would again denounce trusts, monopolies, and combinations. Such general denunciation is worse than useless. It inflames the public mind without presenting any specific question for decision. As was said by Mr. Robert Mather in an address dealing with corporate management:

> There should be no fear of a wise and just decision of these questions if they were really an issue before the people. . . . But the questions to which I have referred present the anomaly of filling the public mind without dividing party opinion. In a free government like ours, nothing is more to be feared than the license of uninstructed conviction. And concord of party policies, in a situation that has incensed the people, is not conclusive evidence of wisdom.

The "Danbury Hat Case" has written, in letters so large that all may read, that there are two sides to the question of how to deal with combinations and agreements in restraint of trade. Party platforms have failed to discover it, but the issue is plain. It is an economic problem of the first rank. It is worthy of thorough discussion, because it involves two antagonistic theories of economic development.

The first theory declares competition to be the *sine qua non* of commerce, the life-blood of the industrial body, the vital principle without which come personal and national stagnation and decay. The second denies the claim of competition as a panacea, condemns it as often wasteful and destructive, and

[1] Loewe vs. Lawler.

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in its place welcomes co-operation and combination as the agencies of increased material production and improved social conditions.

This conviction that competition is the sacred flame on the altar of commerce, and that all combinations must be sacrificed to it, has been the basis for American legislation. It is a striking circumstance that the other theory has been adopted in Australia, that pioneer in constructive legislation. Its anti-trust statute does not, like ours, prohibit all trusts and combinations. It prohibits only those which are "to the detriment of the public." This is a vital distinction. Under such a law both corporation and union are protected if they do not injure people or nation. The large corporation, with its highly organized system of production, can go forward undisturbed in its beneficent work of directing and employing human energy, so long as it does not use its power to hurt customers or competitors. Likewise the powerful labor union will be undisturbed in its efforts to uplift its members and improve their condition, so long as its methods do not injure private rights and the general welfare.

The full import of the Australian enactment is made apparent by a reference to anti-trust legislation in this country. The Sherman Law was passed by Congress in 1890. In some respects the times were like the present. Righteous indignation against certain unlawful corporate practices and fear of great consolidations filled the public mind and sought immediate expression in some form of legal prohibition. Consequently this act was passed without any very careful investigation. It has served as a pattern for the State legislation which followed fast and furiously. In 1907 twenty-eight States had enacted stringent anti-trust laws, all aiming at the same result—the destruction of all forms of combinations in order thereby to prevent monopoly and preserve "full and free competition."

Not only the lawmakers but the courts have shown themselves believers in the infallibility of competition. Frequently in trust prosecutions it has been argued that the combination under indictment was not in fact injurious; that it had not raised but had lowered prices; that its aim was the improvement of trade conditions; that its effect had been to do away with pernicious and wasteful business methods incident to a death-dealing competitive warfare; that it was merely an association of men and capital doing business on a large and economical scale; and that such association was essential to the highest development of the industry for the ultimate benefit of the purchasing public.

To these arguments the courts have often turned a deaf ear. Existing laws punish the act of combining; they prohibit the combination; and it is the duty of judges to enforce the law and not to concern themselves with results. As was said by Judge Murray F. Tuley, for years the Nestor of the Chicago Bench: "Whether they [industrial combinations] should be absolutely prohibited or merely regulated in the public interest is more of an economic or political question than a judicial one."

Therefore the courts proceed upon the assumption that the effect of such combinations must necessarily be damaging and dangerous. An agreement between coal dealers was held illegal, although no attempt to charge excessive prices was shown, the court saying: "If agreements and combinations to prevent competition in prices are or may be hurtful to trade, the only sure remedy is to prohibit all agreements of that character." [1]

Judge H. H. Lurton, in the Wall-paper Trust Case, said: "Every principle of economic law instructs us that under such conditions there will be an enhancement of price limited only by the unknown boundary of human greed and corporate avarice."

By this reasoning courts have reached the anomalous position of punishing an act which may be in fact beneficial, merely because the act creates the capacity for doing harm. The ordinary rules are reversed. The criminal law punishes a man because he commits an assault, not because he has great physical strength. It punishes crime, not character; the commission of the crime, not the capacity

[1] People vs. Sheldon, 139 N. Y. 251; 34 N. E. 785.

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to commit it. Anti-trust laws rest on the doctrine that combinations must be destroyed, not because their acts or results are evil, but because they have the power to do evil; and that although "the immediate effect of a trust or combination may be really beneficial to the public in improving the quality of the goods or service and reducing the price, yet, if it has an inherent capability or natural tendency to injure the public, . . . it is obnoxious to the statute."[1]

The evils which it is prophesied will flow from interference with free competition were stated with great earnestness by Judge Marshall, of Missouri, in the Armour Packing Company case:

> Competition is the life of trade. Pools, trusts, and conspiracies to fix or maintain the prices of the necessaries of life strike at the foundation of government; instill a destructive poison into the life of the body politic. . . . The people are helpless to protect themselves. The powers that be must protect them, or, as surely as history records the story of the republican government in Rome, so surely will the foundations of our government be shaken and its perpetuity threatened.[2]

However, this belief in competition as the great safeguard of the public does not go unchallenged. While Judge Marshall was preaching the old faith in Missouri, Judge Haight, in New York, declared the somewhat heterodox doctrine that all kinds of competition are not necessarily beneficial:

> An active competition and rivalry in business is, undoubtedly, conducive to public welfare, but we must not shut our eyes to the fact that competition may be carried to such an extent as to accomplish the financial ruin of those engaged therein, and thus result in a derangement of the business and inconvenience to consumers, and in public harm.[3]

Recent State legislation confirms this view. Excessive competition in the field of life insurance was deemed unwise, and the Armstrong Law in New York limits the amount of new business which may annually be written. Some States have passed measures popularly known as "anti-competition bills," which prohibit one dealer from underselling another with the purpose of driving out competitors. Kentucky, under the pressure of the tobacco war, proposes to amend its anti-trust law so that all combinations will be lawful which do not raise prices of products above nor depress them below their "real value."

This tendency is reflected in many public utterances. It has been stated that "experience shows that industrial combinations have become fixtures in our industrial life;"[1] that "the laws of trade appear to be almost as irresistible as the laws of nature," and that "these combinations are the evolution of trade and appear to be demanded by present economic conditions;"[2] that the anti-trust decisions of our courts "have had comparatively little, practically no, effect as regards the trend of our industrial development;"[3] that "many of these agreements in restraint of trade are for the purpose of existing, not of extortion;"[4] and that "it is not always true that competition is the life of trade, for it often may be the ruin of business."[5] In complete harmony is the lucid statement of Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, in his last annual report:

> Corporate combination as such appears to be not only an economic necessity, but also largely an accomplished fact. The mere prohibition of commercial power, simply because such power is the result of corporate combination, by no means meets the real evils. It is not the existence of industrial power, but rather its misuse, that is the real problem.

Secretary Taft has likewise announced as a plank in his platform that "the combination of capital is just as essential to progress as the assembling of the parts of a machine, and hence corporations, however large, are instruments of progress;" that the mere union of capital and plants is not a crime, and that to create an unlawful monopoly there must be some use by the combination of its comparatively great size and power to coerce or oppress its customers and competitors. President Roosevelt has repeatedly said that this is an era of federation in which the great combina-

[1] Walter A. Wood Co. vs. Greenwood H. Co., 75 S. C. 378; 55 S. E. 972.
[2] 173 Mo. 356; 73 S. W. 645; 96 Am. St. Rep. 515.
[3] 175 N. Y. 1; 96 Am. St. Rep. 578.

[1] Industrial Commission.
[2] Judge Tuley in the Pullman Company Case.
[3] Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University.
[4] The Hon. Charles G. Dawes, before Chicago Trust Conference.
[5] The Hon. C. G. Washburn, of Massachusetts, in House of Representatives, February 24, 1908.

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tions of capital and labor have become factors of tremendous importance, and his last annual message contained the following specific criticism of the Sherman Law:

> Modern industrial conditions are such that combination is not only necessary but inevitable. . . . Corporation and labor unions alike have come to stay. . . . It is profoundly immoral to put or keep on the statute books a law, nominally in the interest of public morality, that really puts a premium upon public immorality by undertaking to forbid honest men from doing what must be done under modern business conditions, so that the law itself provides that its own infraction must be the condition precedent upon business success.

These, then, are the two opposite theories. The question is: Shall the law, in its effort to preserve competition, prohibit all forms of industrial combination; or shall it permit combinations, both of capital and labor, regulating them for the public benefit, and punishing only those which are evil or do evil? The keynote of the problem was struck by Mr. Edgar A. Bancroft, of the Chicago bar, in a remarkably comprehensive and convincing address before the Civic Federation Trust Conference, when he declared epigrammatically that the real issue was "Destruction or Regulation."

The immediate question before Congress and our State Legislatures, therefore, is whether existing anti-trust laws shall be changed so that, instead of forbidding all combinations, they shall, as the President suggests, "discriminate sharply between those which do good and those which do evil." In this connection the legislation of Australia becomes intensely instructive, because it accomplishes what the President advocates. Its very title is suggestive. Unlike our statutes, which are usually entitled "Acts to suppress pools, trusts, and combinations in restraint of trade," it reads: "An Act for the Preservation of Australian Industries and for the Repression of Destructive Monopolies." The title concedes what to the American legislator has seemed impossible, that there may be a beneficial monopoly. So the act represses only those which are destructive. How long would a Texas legislator retain his claim on popular confidence who should even suggest that there could exist such a thing as a good monopoly!

Everywhere throughout the Australian law are the qualifying words that the contract in restraint of trade, or the monopoly, before it becomes illegal, must be "to the detriment of the public." The fact that a trust has great financial resources, and by reason of economies in production is able to supply a large part of the trade, does not make it an outlaw. It is an "undesirable citizen" only when the power of its financial strength is used against the common good. By the same token federations of labor, no matter how powerful and far-reaching, should be immune from prosecution and injunction so long as their activities do not work to the public damage. Their mere size and influence do not condemn them. Not by their charters and constitutions should they be judged, but by their conduct and the effect of their conduct.

In the framework of modern industry both trade unions and trusts have their place. Both must obey the law. Both must contribute to the advancement of society. Neither should be destroyed or punished unless they are a source of harm to the community. These maxims are wholly ignored in existing laws. No discriminating line is drawn between law-breaking and law-abiding, between good and bad, combinations. After a score of years of negative results, shall we not admit that the wrong road has been taken? True, the Northern Securities Company was dissolved, but did this lower passenger and freight rates in the Northwest or make the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific competing railways? Legitimate business corporations have been fined and driven from Texas, but have the consumers of that State profited thereby? Is it not illogical that statutes which seek to maintain "full and free competition" should decree that the offender be driven from the State—thus lessening competition to the extent that the ousted company was a factor? Is it wise or moral to retain laws so sweeping that, if enforced to the letter, a large percentage of our manufacturers and merchants, and labor-

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ing men as well, would be under indictment?

The country needs, in order to control and regulate combinations of labor and capital, not an unreasonable and inoperative, but an efficient and enforceable, law. Such the Australian law appears to be. While not yet tested by experience, it is just and sound in principle. It avoids the fundamental error of all our statutes, which fail to distinguish between beneficial and baneful agreements. The Australian law discriminates. It permits associated effort. It is in harmony with modern conditions.

The Nation must cease to worship at the shrine of unlimited and unregulated competition. In the present stage of industrial evolution its miracles cease to be performed. It fails to exorcise the evil spirits of our commercial life. Its favorite weapons have been discriminating rates and rebates. As a factor in dealing with public service corporations its failure is admitted. Nor has it always contributed to the National growth. The recent report of the Inland Waterways Commission says: "Unregulated railroad competition prevented or destroyed the development of our inland waterways."

At best, competition has been a crude and costly way of preventing the owners of the necessaries of life from demanding unreasonable prices. It has stimulated wasteful strife as well as useful industry. Millions upon millions have been poured out, not in developing business, but in fighting for business. If competition has sometimes been the life of trade, it has also been the death of business. A system under which a large majority of all business men at some time fail is not ideal.

Competition, when strenuous and effective, is war. Yet war between armies has its limitations, its flags of truce, its international law of civilized warfare. But unregulated competition gives no quarter; tramples upon the weak; murders the wounded; respects neither the white flag nor the red cross. Its only hospital is the bankruptcy court.

Civilized commerce demands that the guerrilla warfare of unregulated competition must stop. There must be rules of the game. Healthy rivalry must be substituted for destructive strife. Co-operation must supersede conflict. Therefore men have made, and will continue to make, trade agreements and combinations. This they should be permitted to do, provided only and always that the agreement or combination is not unreasonable nor unfair, and that it does not prove to be "to the detriment of the public." If it does, then the whole power of the Government should be invoked to protect the people and punish the evil-doer.

The anti-trust laws of this country should be amended, not for the special benefit of labor nor the special benefit of capital, but for the benefit of all the people, on the basis of common honesty and justice, and in accordance with the commercial conditions of the century. As peace is better than war, so is supervised combination better than unregulated competition.

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ON THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

BY LEROY SCOTT

I

THE plain was flat till the eyes stopped, and upon it were only matted brown grass and drooping brown weeds—not a tree, not even a straw-thatched peasant hut. The sky was leaden gray and low, and dripped a cold rain. A gusty wind scurried the rain in sheets, and swung the weeds about in a mad tethered dance.

Across the plain were tramping a score of men. Outside, like a marching prison wall, was a rectangle of twelve soldiers, heavy-faced peasant youths, with bayonet-fixed rifles on their shoulders and tin tea-kettles dangling at their belts. Within this convoy were eight men, bags on their backs, wearing round caps and long coarse overcoats whose color matched the far-spread brownish-gray of the earth; and as they lunged heavily, wearily, through the clinging mire of the track, their leg-fetters maintained a steady clank, clank. Thirty bleak October days had the eight marched since they had left Irkutsk; and behind Irkutsk was a month in a crowded, cell-like coach of an exile train since they had set out from St. Petersburg. And ahead of them was November, month of insane zero winds and burying snows in this sub-arctic region, before they could gain the far prison of Uridek.

They were dangerous men, these eight; for each was guilty, or guessed to be guilty, of striving in his own way to hasten more liberal days. There were an editor, a professor, three students, a self-educated peasant who was a leader of his people, a man suspected of being a terrorist, and Nicolai Lavroff, whose lyric poems signed "Boris," flimsily printed and circulated with utmost secrecy, had thrilled all revolutionary Russia by their fiery hatred of the present régime and their lofty, passionate yearning for the end of Russia's bondage. Nicolai was twenty-six or seven, with dark hair and soft brown beard, and white worn face that glowed with the brightest of imaginative eyes. Till his arrest none but a few of his nearest comrades had known him to be the author of the "Boris" poems—for the danger of such a punishment as he was now amid had made him hide the authorship as a murderer his murder. Comrades who knew the poetry of England regarded "Boris" as an intensified Shelley; and their admiration, which perhaps glorified his worth, believed that when the fall of autocracy should make his poems "legal," he would take place beside the great Pushkin.

Nicolai had expected eventual arrest, as do all revolutionists, yet he had chafed bitterly at this check, perhaps end, to his activity. But when he had learned, after six months in prison, that he was to be sent to Uridek, there was consolation in his fate. For at Uridek was Kurtovsky, the great Kurtovsky, till his exile the foremost man in Nicolai's party—philosopher, strategian, statesman, all in one. To be in Kurtovsky's company was compensation almost enough to overbalance the ill of exile into a blessing.

And unto this compensation a further compensation had been added. In his party Nicolai, unknown as a poet, had been known as an intrepid, resourceful man. On the day before he had left St. Petersburg, his mother (no one else had been allowed to see him) had brought to him the leather sack for clothing he now carried on his shoulder, which had been closely examined before he was allowed to receive it. During their fifteen minutes together there was no chance to speak of secrets, for a guard was present, scrutinizing them, listening to their every word; but in the clinging kiss of parting a little pill-like something was pressed from her lips into his. When alone he took the pill from his mouth. It was of wax; but inside the wax was a tiny bit of paper, and on the paper was finely written:

"At sack's bottom seam leather has been split, and seam sewed up again. In split are two thousand rubles.

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Help Kurtovsky escape—and escape yourself."

Nicolai had quickly swallowed wax and paper. The paper had been signed by the Greek delta—the secret signature of one of the leaders of his party. The heart in Nicolai had leaped wildly. Two thousand rubles! a thousand even was a sum irresistible to the average Siberian prison official!—and what higher aid could any man render the revolution than to set Kurtovsky free? He had filled with the glow of a great responsibility, a great purpose. And since then the two ideas embodied in that purpose had taken stronger and stronger hold upon his intense nature, till they were now grown into instincts—to guard that precious bag, to go on to Uridek.

The eight had in irony named this faint track "The Road to Freedom." Over it they lurched silently, huddled down in their wet clothes, their soaked feet making a sucking sound each time they were dragged out of the brown mud. Presently, on the far edge of the plain, appeared hazy little blocks. "The station!" muttered the terrorist at Nicolai's side—a slight, silent man of thirty. There was a moment of murmuring among the group, for at the station perhaps their sodden bodies could be pressed against an oven; then silence again, and the regular splash and suck of feet, the steady clank, clank of fetters.

At length, as the early dusk was closing down, they came into a little village of half a dozen straw-thatched houses, and marched up to a stockade of logs, perhaps ten feet high. The gate of the stockade swung open, closed upon their backs, and the convoy led them across a little muddy yard, and into one or two little squat buildings of heavy logs that sat on opposite sides of the inclosure.

As they entered, their nostrils were struck with the foul odor of decaying air that had been breathed and rebreathed for a score of years. The room was large, with ceiling that brushed the hair, and around three of its sides ran a broad platform. About the room were dusky shapes of men and women, whose movements were sharply accented by the clinking of chains.

Instantly warm greetings passed between the vague figures and the newcomers. They might be strangers, but they were comrades.

"Your party left Irkutsk two weeks before us," Nicolai said to one of the men. "How is it we have overtaken you?"

"We were delayed on the way, and then we have been waiting here a week. The convoy-chief who will have charge of the march from here onward for several days has been sending out word that he is too sick to move. But you should see the bottles that go in to him from the vodka shop!"

One of the exiles lit a candle which he stood in a little window that was screwed shut and never opened. Nicolai eagerly scanned the new faces that the candle had dimly sculptured from the block of darkness. Near the candle the flickering profile of a tall young woman talking to the peasant leader halted his eyes, and he thought at once of a girl he had several times met in St. Petersburg a year before. She had then just returned from Paris, where she had been cultivating her voice, and where she had gained her first opera experience, and had been engaged by the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg.

She turned her eyes straight upon him. She smiled, and came eagerly in his direction. His inseparable bag beneath his left arm, he crossed to meet her and they clasped hands.

"Olga Baranovna!" "Nicolai Lavroff!" they exclaimed, in one voice.

"And so you are 'Boris!'" she cried in a clear, rich voice. "I was just told. Do you remember when I last saw you I spoke about the poems of 'Boris,' and I said that in all Russia there was no man I wanted more to meet. How in your soul you must have laughed! . . . The poems, they are wonderful—yes, wonderful!"

Nicolai's white face flushed at her impetuous praise. "Please don't! Please!" he begged.

She turned and called to the others: "Comrades, this is Boris—Boris, the poet!"

Olga's comrades clanked up about Nicolai, crying excited greeting to him, crushing his hand. It was minutes

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before he could turn again to Olga. She was superbly beautiful as of yore; even her coarse, shapeless coat, duplicate of his own, could not blot out her graceful lines and carriage. Her forehead was low and broad, and her heavy brown hair, simply parted, swept softly over temples and ear-tips into a large low knot. The face with its brown eyes, so deep, so direct, was a face of rare strength—and tender, and spirited, and lofty.

"But you, how come you here?" Nicolai asked. "I supposed you were singing in the opera at Petersburg."

"Just before the season opened the director learned I held liberal views, and canceled my contract. I fell under suspicion. I wrote some little articles that were secretly circulated among girls in gymnasiums; I helped some comrades escape that the police were after. These things were found out. And here I am. . . . Where are you being sent?"

"To Uridek. For five years."

"Then we'll follow the same road for perhaps a week; after that I branch off to the northwest. I'm going for two years to Barinsk, a village about three hundred versts from here. But come to the fire—you're dripping wet."

Nicolai joined his seven comrades who were steaming about the great rough brick oven that filled one corner of the room, and set himself seriously to dry his clothes, his only covering for the night. Meanwhile the others made ready the dinner, and together they all munched black bread and dry fish, washing them down with boiling tea.

Then some one softly began a revolutionary song, and in a moment or two all the exiles had joined in, full-voiced. Their eyes grew bright, their weary spirit, the spirit that had feared nor death nor exile, uprose again; and the little house trembled with the mighty chorus. Another song started swept tremendously onward.

At its middle there was a noise without the door and a grating of the lock. The door flew open, and into the room staggered a burly, bearded officer. Dim though the candle-light was, all could see that he was disheveled, and that his little shining eyes were bloodshot. He steadied himself with one hand against the wall; in the other hand was a pistol. Filling the doorway behind him were shadowy soldiers.

"That's Bozanoff, the convoy-chief," was whispered in Nicolai's ear.

The song suddenly broke off. The officer glared about the room, and his mouth flowed blackest curses. "Stop those revolutionary songs," he roared, "or, by God, you'll all be shot!"

The terrorist at Nicolai's side said grimly: "Come—the next verse!"

Nicolai stopped the song with a hand clasped over the terrorist's mouth. "No, Pavel—no!" he cried. "Defying a brute like him is not worth while!"

The song remained stilled. And after a moment the officer, with threats and curses, went out. There was an angry hubbub, then gradually it subsided. Presently, out of the dim crowd came the suggestion that Nicolai recite some of his poems. All pressed him; and, sitting on the clay floor, his back against the oven, his arms about his drawn-up knees within which lay the precious bag, he repeated one favorite after another—and the figures huddled about on the dirty bare platforms where side by side they would that night sleep, listened with gleaming eyes and tense breath.

Then Nicolai suggested that Olga sing "legal" songs, and in this request the others joined him. She stood against the oven, her head almost at the ceiling, the yellow candle-light across her face, and poured out arias of Elsa, Brunhilde, Marguerite. And the exiles, listening, forgot this noisome hut, forgot they were five thousand slow miles from home, forgot they were bound toward bleak, ultimate places that they might never leave; lived only in her wonderful voice, clear and throbbing and soulful—voice of sorrow and passion, joy and love.

And Nicolai, his bag in his lap, never once looked from her face.

II

Early the next morning the twenty men and women on the hard, greasy platforms were roused from sleep by Bozanoff's tremendous curses out in the stockade; and, peeping through the window, they saw the convoy that had

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escorted Nicolai's party for several days, making ready to start back to the station from which it had set out. Presently word was brought in to the exiles that the march would be resumed, as Bozanoff had recovered; and an hour later, stiff and sore, they were clanking across the plain, inclosed by twenty-five soldiers, Bozanoff tramping loweringly beside them.

Bozanoff was the natural development of an ignorant, cruel, selfish, conceited nature being placed as absolute tyrant over the helpless; and he was all the harsher to those he tyrannized because in his fierce, proud soul he recognized his inferiority to them. As Nicolai gazed at the powerful, full-bodied officer, ruddy, black-bearded, with round pulpy nose and gleaming bloodshot eyes, he shuddered as he thought of what suffering Bozanoff must have inflicted in his time. For in this remote region Bozanoff was answerable to no one; he was free to be whatever the animal within him prompted.

Nicolai noted now and then that Bozanoff's little eyes were covertly gazing at Olga from beneath their black, heavy brows. In the afternoon the convoy-chief moved to her side and, with an attempt to soften his voice, said, "Here, you're too weak to carry that;" and he took from her the linen bag she bore and thrust it upon a soldier. Olga did not answer. But the next moment Nicolai saw her speak to a consumptive man just ahead of her, and then he saw the man's bundle upon her shoulder. And he saw Bozanoff's face darken with chagrin.

As they moved across the dreary earth, Nicolai's gaze was going constantly forward to Olga—to her straight figure wrapped about in its sack-like coat, to her well-poised head bound in a black shawl. Occasionally he caught her clear, spirited profile against the brown back of a soldier, or against the brown monotone of the limitless plain, and saw across her cheek the wind-flung strands of hair. And, looking, he thrilled as he thought upon what could have been her portion—winning to wild enthusiasm great opera audiences by her exquisite voice, surrounded by homage due her artistry and her beauty. Instead, coarse-clad, fettered, an exile, here she was.

That evening, at the station where they halted, Nicolai talked with her for over an hour. Her spirit was strong, even as his own, and she was constantly leaping this period of travail to the time when she should be free and back at work for their common cause. Later, as on the previous night, he recited poems to the group, and she sang fragments of her opera rôles. And while she sang soldiers crowded in and stood awedly listening, and among them was the giant form of Bozanoff.

The way led now across dreary, treeless plains, now across stretches that were relieved with sparse growths of evergreens, poplars, and skeleton-white birches, now toward squat hunchbacked mountains that were merely the dull plain deformed. The ground had frozen, for which all gave thanks; their blistered feet, though numb with cold, were at least now dry. Not once did the sun break through the heavy gray clouds; and the icy wind that raged down from the Arctic made nothing of their overcoats and coarse linen skirts and pantaloons. All lived in fear of the already late snow, which any hour might bring its new misery swirling about them.

At every halt Nicolai sought out Olga. And on the march his eyes were ever drawn upon her, waiting for the turning of her head. Three times fortune gave him place just behind her, and their conversation made him forget both cold and the weary trail. And every day he found that he burned hotter at the way Bozanoff eyed Olga, at his rough advances to her.

On the sixth day the convoy-chief put Olga at the very end of the line, and himself marched at the rear, clumsily striving to talk gallantries to her. She did not answer him, marched steadily on, her set face ever forward. Bozanoff felt his clumsiness, felt that he did not know how to approach this girl. Nothing so bitterly angers a proud man as the realization that he has nothing to be proud of. Bozanoff's neck reddened and his eyes grew fierce. Yet he was not abashed, for he felt his mastery over her.

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At length, having gurgled down courage from a sky-tilted bottle that he took from his overcoat, he again moved to her side. "See here—don't try to play the coquette with me," he said, gruffly. "I know you women; it's just one of your tricks. Come!—let's be good friends!"

He caught her hand. But she jerked it free, clenched it, and glared such wrath at him that he involuntarily drew away. Nicolai, who had been looking back, saw and understood the episode; and he hotly started from his place in the line—to be suddenly halted by a bayonet at his breast.

But when Bozanoff came striding angrily forward, Nicolai could not refrain from shouting at him, fist upraised: "You brute! You'll be reported on! You forget even we politicals have rights!"

"Shut up!—or you'll wish you had!" growled Bozanoff, with a black look, and strode on to the head of the column. And from time to time his bottle presented its bottom to the gray sky.

Nicolai's anger was quickly pressed out of him by the returning thought that on the morrow his way and Olga's parted; and around this separation turned all his ideas and emotions till, toward three o'clock, while there yet remained an hour of light, they came to the station where they were to pass the night. Bozanoff left them entering the gate of the stockade and went off among the dozen low huts, bound for the vodka shop.

Nicolai, taking advantage of the laxer discipline that prevailed when Bozanoff was absent, whispered to Olga, and together they walked to the far end of the exiles' house and around the corner where they were out of view. For a moment he gazed into Olga's face, ringed with its black frame of shawl; and she gazed steadily up into his pale, finely carved features, with their burning dark eyes. They were both a-shiver, but they did not know it.

"I wanted to speak to you—alone," he said, with a great effort. "To-morrow, you know, we part."

Her cold-whitened face flushed slightly. "Yes."

"I wish we both were being sent to the same place!"

She nodded.

"But we shall see each other when both of us are free and back in Petersburg—shall we not?"

"Yes—surely. . . . But that will be five years away, for you are to be at Uridek five years. Unless the revolution succeeds before then."

He hesitated, then bent near her. "We shall meet before five years, even if the revolution does not succeed," he whispered. "I shall escape. There is no doubt."

"A-ah! On the way to Uridek?"

"No, from Uridek." Instinctively he clutched his bag tighter. "I must go on to Uridek. I have a mission there. But I shall soon escape. I shall wait for you in Petersburg. Where can I find you there when you come back?"

She named a friend.

"I shall call every week for you, till you come!"

His temples throbbed; his body seemed afire. The bag dropped to his feet. His hands slowly reached out and took her hands. Her hands trembled, but did not withdraw. He looked into her eyes with burning steadfastness. They did not quail.

"For two long years I shall not see you," he whispered, huskily.

"No," she whispered.

His hands tightened on hers. "Oh, . . . Olga!"

"Nicolai!" she breathed.

Suddenly he opened his arms and strained her to him.

III

Hands clasped and eyes held into eyes, they spoke rapidly for several minutes—ignoring the long period of separate suffering that lay before them, and dwelling upon the far time when they should be together in St. Petersburg. Then they kissed good-by—for two years; and in both was the fear, though neither spoke it, that it might be the last kiss for always.

They walked silently about the corner, and between their house and the convoy's quarters opposite, toward their doorway. Three or four exiles were

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standing in the space between the two buildings, and perhaps a dozen soldiers. One of the exiles, a woman, stopped Olga, and Nicolai passed on into the house.

While the two women were speaking Bozanoff came out of the exiles' house, and, seeing the women, marched up to them. His little eyes, amid his full, red, bearded face, gleamed with animal brightness. It was plain that he had drunken rapidly and deeply.

"So here you are, Olga Baranovna," he said thickly, planting his big hands on his hips. "I've been looking for you. Come, you are going to have supper with me!"

With inviting leer he held out his right hand. Olga shrunk from him. "No! No!"

"Oh, yes, you will! You're tired of just black bread and tea. Come!"

She pressed back till she was against the log wall of the house. He pressed after her. She drew herself tensely to her full height; her breast heaved and her eyes flashed.

"Don't you dare touch me. Don't you dare!" she cried.

The loathing disgust in her face made his anger flame. "You don't like me, hey!" he breathed hotly. "Well, you've got to eat with me. And, to break that pride of yours, you'll kiss me this minute!"

He threw his arms about her. She screamed, and in a paroxysm strained backward from the inflamed face he pressed down upon her. At her cry the door of the exiles' house flew open, and the exiles crowded forth. Nicolai saw Olga writhing, gasping, in Bozanoff's arms, and he ran clanking forward, and sent his fist into the officer's face. Bozanoff tottered, his embrace broke. Nicolai, with all the strength of his fury, sent his fist again full into Bozanoff's mouth. Bozanoff staggered back, tripped over a log, and went rolling on the frozen ground.

He struggled to his feet, mad with the wild madness of a forest beast. He reached for his pistol, and Nicolai's end would have come then, but the fall had sent the weapon flying from its hostler. With a roar he charged upon Nicolai, who, in white, trembling fury, awaited him. But exiles rushed between the two, and Bozanoff's charge was checked.

The officer shook his fist over the exiles' heads at Nicolai, and his mouth frothed evilest of curses. He paused for a moment of thought; the aspect of his face changed from wild rage to malignant vengeance.

"Better for you if you had suffered from my fist!" he shouted. "You shall have the punishment you deserve for publicly insulting an officer!"

He pointed a hairy, blotched hand at Nicolai and called to the soldiers: "Seize him!"

In a moment half a dozen soldiers had their hands on Nicolai's slight figure. Bozanoff shouted other orders, and the rest of the soldiers formed a ring with the exiles without it and with Nicolai as its center.

"Now strip him to the waist!" shouted Bozanoff.

One of the soldiers hesitated. "But the cold—" he began to object.

"Strip him, or you'll get the same!" roared the officer.

The soldiers fell to. At first Nicolai, in his wrath, struggled, but resistance was futile and he passively let himself be bared to the waist. His flesh shivered and grew blue in the bitter wind, but, standing stiffly erect, he stared defiantly at Bozanoff.

A soldier, at Bozanoff's order, went into the convoy's quarters and came out with a brown blanket and a heavy whip of many thongs. A cry of protest rose from the exiles.

"We have rights," shouted Pavel, the terrorist. "Flogging is against the law. You dare not flog him!"

"The law!" returned Bozanoff, with a mighty sneer. "Here I am the law."

The terrorist's face grew dark. "If you flog you'll pay for it!" he muttered.

Nicolai gazed beyond the encircling soldiers at Olga. She was white as the snowflakes that had just begun to flutter down. "Do not mind," he called to her. "I shall not."

The blanket was put upon the head and back of the largest of the soldiers, and the next moment Nicolai was face forward upon this human whipping-post, his bare arms drawn forward over the

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guard's shoulders and held stretched tight by the guard's mighty grip on his wrists, and his fettered legs drawn forward on either side of the giant by a soldier at each ankle. "Let this be a warning to you all!" Bozanoff shouted to the exiles, and the heavy thongs whirred through the air and fell upon Nicolai's thin shoulders. Nicolai gave a gasp, his body writhed spasmodically, then tightened with effort at control. Again the whip whirred down, and again, and again; but no sound came from him, save the tense, tremulous indraft of his breath through clenched teeth. Each whip-fall left new scores across the flesh—and red drops trickled down his back—and several times the heavy, wire-plaited thongs struck about his neck and about his head.

The exiles turned away; even the soldiers grew pale and averted their faces. Olga pressed her hands to her eyes, and each time the whip hissed down all her body shivered. The terrorist alone looked constantly on—and his eyes became like two dagger points.

Suddenly Nicolai's taut body relaxed, and his head fell loosely down upon the giant's shoulder. "Stop—he's fainted!" shouted the terrorist.

The whip continued to fall.

"You fiend—he's fainted!" yelled the terrorist.

Bozanoff desisted, breathing heavily. "I guess that'll do," he said to the upholding soldier. The giant released Nicolai's wrists, and Nicolai slipped down in a loose heap, and his bare flesh dripped its stain upon the frozen earth. The exiles, crying out, tried to break through to him, but were blocked by the line of soldiers.

"Humph!—only shamming," said Bozanoff, looking down at the body. "That'll teach him a good lesson. And the rest of you too!" he added, lowering at the horrified, raging crowd.

The soldiers, at his orders, wrapped Nicolai in the blanket, and Bozanoff, seeing how limp was the body and how lifeless the face, decided it would be wiser not to send Nicolai among his fellows until certain that he had suffered no serious injury. So Bozanoff had Nicolai carried into the convoy's quarters.

That night Olga, pale as one dead, again and again begged sight of Nicolai, if only for a moment, but admission to him was denied her; and word of no kind concerning his condition came to the exiles. . . . And till dawn Olga lay wide-eyed, seeing Nicolai on the soldier's back, hearing the whine of the falling whip.

Soon after daybreak the exiles were informed that those going to the village of Barinsk would start in an hour in charge of Bozanoff, and those bound for Uridek would start the following morning in charge of a subdivision of Bozanoff's men. Olga, in wild suspense, watched Bozanoff's every movement in preparation for the march; and when he went out of the gate to visit the vodka shop she hurried across to the convoy's quarters, boldly entered, and saw a soldier on guard at a door.

"I must see Nicolai Lavroff at once," she said quickly. "I have permission from Mr. Bozanoff." And she thrust a silver ruble into the man's hand.

The next moment she was in a large, low room, lighted by one square little window, and furnished, like the exiles' house, with nothing but a rough wooden platform around its sides. On the platform near the window, under a brown blanket, face upward, lay Nicolai.

She crossed swiftly to his side and for a moment gazed motionless down upon him. His eyes were closed, his breath came painfully through his barely parted lips. His dark hair was rumpled back from his high, full forehead, where genius burned.

She touched his breast—gently, that she might not pain him. "Nicolai," she whispered.

There was a guttural sound, then "My bag!" came faintly through his lips. She thought he was dreaming. "It is I, Nicolai—it is Olga," she said louder. "I have come to tell you good-by."

"My bag—give me my bag," the faint voice responded querulously.

An ominous, shapeless fear gripped her soul. She shook him roughly. "Nicolai!" she gasped. "Nicolai!"

The eyes fluttered open. She stood terrified, frozen. The eyes were glassy, vacant.

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She stared down at the empty face. One hand tremulously sought a prop of the platform. . . . "Nicolai," she whispered, "it is Olga. You do not know me?"

"Give me my bag," he said. "I must go to Uridek."

Suddenly she sank in a still heap upon the earthen floor. . . . An hour later she was marching leadenly into the North.

IV

When Bozanoff's party were a few hours on their way, it was discovered that the terrorist was gone. The soldiers searched the half-dozen huts of the village and scoured the country round about, but no trace of Pavel could be found.

Two days instead of one the party waited at the station, for Nicolai was in no condition to be moved. On the second night a soldier who had marched away with Bozanoff reappeared at the station, pale with a message he was bearing southward. And the next morning, as Nicolai lay back in the straw-covered bottom of a peasant's rude wagon, his bag clasped in his arms, the peasant leader came up to him with this soldier's news.

"You — remember — Bozanoff," the leader said slowly, that the words might reach Nicolai's mind. "Night before last—Pavel—shot him. Killed him. Pavel escaped."

Nicolai's eyes blinked slowly. After a moment he said, "I must go to Uridek."

Two days Nicolai jolted over the frozen road in the peasant cart, among low mountains thinly whitened with snow. Then the peasant refused to go farther from home; and, as Nicolai was unable to walk, and no other cart could be secured, Nicolai's six companions demanded that the party rest till he was able to walk. The soldiers were stupid, not ill-natured. They felt no driving superior force, for their chief was of themselves; and so they assented. For ten days the party halted in a little one-house station, where guards and prisoners had to share the same room. There were sly whisperings among the exiles; and the exiles, chiefly through the peasant leader, began to show a friendly attitude toward the soldiers. By the end of the ten days discipline was practically gone, and exiles and soldiers were on terms of intimacy.

On the eleventh day the march was resumed, with Nicolai again on foot. He walked painfully, yet without complaint; his nervous eagerness even spurred him to a pace swifter than the others, and the restraint irked him. "Can we not go faster?" he would ask; and again he would query, "Do we reach Uridek to-morrow?"

On the second evening after the new start they stopped at a one-room station on the near side of a small village. The peasant leader learned from the soldiers that there was a vodka shop in the village, and after a covert conference with his comrades he sought the leader of the guard.

"You soldiers have tried to be kind to us, Ivan Ivanovich," he said, heartily. "We appreciate it. We desire that you should drink with us to-night."

The leader communicated the invitation to his fellows, and there was joyous acceptance. The fall of darkness found soldiers and exiles beginning to drink—the exiles lightly, the soldiers with true peasant abandon. Nicolai, crouched against the wall, bag in his lap, looked on vacantly. Soon all were singing together, loudly, the soldiers pounding on the table in time with their vodka bottles. And presently the soldiers, one by one, began to roll from the benches to the earthen floor, or topple down upon the platform, and begin to shake the air with their heavy snoring. And one by one the exiles did the same.

After a time the peasant leader sat stealthily up, and after him the other five. Breathless, they rose to their feet, and, by the light of a guttering candle-end on the table, tiptoed among the weirdly sprawling soldiers and collected their belongings and all the arms. Then the peasant leader raised Nicolai, still clutching his bag, to his feet. "Come," he whispered, slowly, "we—are going—to escape."

Nicolai gazed at the leader, then slowly about at the sleeping soldiers, obviously not included in the new plan. He shook his head. "I must go to Uridek," he said.

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The peasant leader thought Nikolai had not understood. "We—are going—to escape," he repeated. And he tried to lead Nicolai to the door, which had been unlocked.

Nicolai held back. "I must go to Uridek," he repeated.

The peasant leader looked at his five comrades in despair. "We'll have to force him out," he whispered.

The professor came to his aid, and together they tried to push Nicolai forward. But Nicolai struggled frantically against them. "No! no!" he cried out.

A soldier rose to his elbow. "Stop that noise!" he growled. "Can't you let a man sleep!" His head fell back on his arm.

The six were silent till the soldier was again snoring. Then they reasoned among themselves. There was no chance of getting that man, who stood panting, staring at them defiantly, out of the house. Either they must remain or go without him. They were filled with rage, horror, at his tragedy; that deed was among those recorded for avengement when the day of vengeance came. But it would help him nothing for them to stay; whether they were in Uridek or back in Russia, his situation would be the same. On the other hand, their cause demanded their freedom, needed their help. . . . They tiptoed silently through the door and softly closed it.

Toward morning Nicolai awoke and lit a candle. His foot chanced to strike a soldier, who sat up, swearing. The effort of cursing, rather than the blow, partially awakened him, and his heavy eyes slowly perceived that, but for Nicolai, all the exiles were gone. He struggled up, and, after much vigorous shaking and shouting, he roused the other guards. They were stupidly aghast at the escape. They discussed in a befuddled way whether they should try to capture the fugitives. Decision swayed finally to the negative; the falling snow had effaced the exiles' trail, and, besides, they were armed.

And then the soldiers began to whisper among themselves, slipping frequent glances at Nicolai. At length the leader led Nicolai in silence to the door, pushed him forth into the barely breaking dawn, and closed the door upon his back.

Five minutes later the leader quietly opened the door and peeped out. Nicolai was standing there, his bag in his arms, patiently waiting.

The leader stepped out. "Why don't you go away?" he demanded, irritably.

Nicolai did not answer.

"Why didn't you escape with the others?" he went on.

"I must go to Uridek," responded Nicolai.

"Well, all of us are not going to fool with one man, and him crazy," the leader cried in exasperation. "Now go 'way!"

He went in and closed the door. When he looked out ten minutes later into the thin gray light, Nicolai was still there, now powdered with fresh snow.

The soldiers again conferred. Their explanation to the authorities would be safer if there were no one to tell of the drinking; besides, Nicolai would be a bother. They had to act quickly, or the village would be awake and be a witness to their course.

They all went out together, walked by Nicolai without a word, and took the direction from which they had come.

Nicolai fell in behind them.

They wheeled upon him. "We don't want you!" the leader shouted. "Go 'way! Go where you please!"

They turned and walked swiftly. But Nicolai kept at their heels. They whispered among themselves. Then suddenly they broke into a run.

It crept in upon Nicolai that they were trying to desert him—they who alone could guide him on to Uridek. He ran after them, calling out, "I must go to Uridek! I must go to Uridek!" But they ran on and on. At length they stopped and looked back. Seeing him still speeding after them, they again broke into a run. . . . And still he gasped after them when they had faded to mere specks; and after they were gone from the snow-misted horizon, he still tottered on in their faint tracks, calling, calling, calling. . . .

Ten days later, as these same soldiers were marching with another band of

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exiles over the unbroken snow of this same route, they came upon a curious snowy little mound directly amid their path. They brushed the snow away. . . . The arms were still tightly locked about the bag.

LETTERS FROM A WORKINGMAN

IV—THE WORKINGMAN AND THE CHURCH

BY AN AMERICAN MECHANIC

DEAR JIM: Don't imagine that I am going to the dogs altogether. I still go to church. That is, I go once in a while. When I find the right kind of a church, I'll go oftener. My church relationship was a comparatively easy matter when I was a youngster. I just naturally grew into the habit because mother helped me along. I don't say how. It was all right. I got there, and it did me lots of good.

But church-going in New York isn't what it was in Petersburg. It was like clockwork there. It came as regularly as one of the other chores. There are no such chores here. Nobody seems to care a hang whether church keeps or not. Some do, of course, but to judge by appearances on the East Side, in the tenement-houses, it doesn't make much difference. The church bells ring, and early in the morning the Catholic churches are crowded, but mostly by foreigners. A Polish Catholic church near our tenement has a workingmen's mass at seven o'clock in the morning, which is usually jammed. I've seen them crowd clear out to the gutter long before the hour for service. They tell me that the pastor of the Protestant chapel near by, who was once a newspaper man and has pretty broad ideas about things, congratulated the priest upon his success in reaching the men.

"Ah, yes," the priest replied, "but if you should come around in a year from now you would not find one of these men. They will have become Americanized."

One Sunday evening I passed this church and heard a terrific racket down in the basement. Somebody seemed to be having rather a hilarious time. Stepping inside a long, narrow room, I saw a crowd of about a hundred men and women—all working people—dancing to the music of a squeaking violin, while the priest sat upon a small raised platform with his feet elevated higher than his head, resting them upon a little pedestal, as he was puffing away at a big cigar. That's *one* way of "reaching the masses."

There are quite a good many missions scattered throughout the district. They are supported by the uptown churches. I have attended two or three of them. The preaching wasn't so bad. It was really better than I expected. But the system! I could never go it. The patronizing air of the uptown helpers would put any kind of an institution out of business provided that a fellow wasn't compelled to stay—and I wasn't. They say that the members of the "chapel" are members of the "home" church, with all the privileges of full membership. But the chapel people are never informed of the business meetings of the home church, neither do they have any say as to how the money which they themselves contributed shall be expended. I believe that if the chapel people should exercise their function as members of the home church and take possession of the church meeting it would create a panic.

Furthermore, the missions are run by the folks from uptown, through the officers elected by the uptown people. Not being present at the business meetings and being unknown, no fellow down here has any kind of a show to be elected to anything. All this is against the spirit of democracy which is so common in workingmen's lodges, in the labor union, and in the saloon. The entire scheme is un-American and therefore cannot succeed among American

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workingmen. Maybe they imagine that we workingmen couldn't manage a little church of our own. Well, if I couldn't scare up a bunch of fellows who had as much horse sense as some of the high-collared office men officials I've seen in a mission or two, I'd feel ashamed of my kind. They may not be on to the technical terms of the church, but I guess they could learn all right. As for doing the business, leave that to the men who are doing it all the time in their own organizations. It surely cannot be very much more complicated. Perhaps they couldn't pay all the bills, but why can't the uptown church form a sort of partnership with the downtown mission which would be the real thing? This would be a whole lot more satisfactory than the way in which they are now running the works.

I don't imagine that workingmen would crowd into every church that was free from this system, but they certainly won't take hold of one that is governed in this way. The officials don't expect very much of the people either in the way of financial support or otherwise, and the mission people do not disappoint them.

A couple of Sundays ago I attended the service in an uptown church. I was very well received by the usher, and the people seemed rather pleasant, but I didn't wait to meet any of them. Why should I? I wasn't in their class, and probably never will be. I know that well enough. And I don't propose to get into any kind of a deal in which I can't hold up my end. I can't dress as well as they can, neither could I entertain as they do. I would constantly find myself in an inferior position, socially and financially, so—no rich man's church for me, no matter how welcome I may be. The fellows in the shop tell the story of a preacher who put on a pair of overalls and attended a number of churches to see how a "genuine" workingman would be welcomed. They felt quite indignant about it, because, they said, no self-respecting workingman would go to church that way. He'd pull off his overalls, put on the best clothes that he had, and go to church like any other man.

There is what is known as an "institutional" church near by, which is open every night and nearly all day, and in which they have all sorts of things going on. I like that immensely, so far as the idea is concerned. It would seem to indicate that these church folks have an interest in us seven days in the week. But somehow I can't get away from the notion that they are trying to use these meetings as a bait to work in their religion. I don't object to religion, but I hate like everything to feel, or to give others a chance to feel, that I have been euchred into a thing. If I get religion, I want it straight and aboveboard. I won't be tricked into it.

For ten days, recently, the preachers of New York held what they call a "noon-day shop campaign." They came into the shops to talk to the men about religious subjects. As our plant covers so much space, and largely because the men will not go into another department for a meeting, it was decided to have three meetings in as many different departments. We had three different preachers. I attended all of the meetings. They had some pretty good singing, and the boys liked that. There was always a cornetist who played for ten minutes. The fellows expected him to begin with the long-meter doxology. He nearly stunned them by playing the latest ragtime. That fellow was sure onto his job. It made the boys finish their lunches much sooner than usual. Then they began to crowd around him. He played some extra tunes that the men wanted, and by the time the preacher took hold he had the whole bunch in pretty good humor.

But the preacher lost his grip. Really, he never got it. His first words queered him. "Now, men," he said, "we've come down to-day to do you good." Then he looked over his audience with a sickly kind of a grin, as though he expected the crowd to cheer him because he had thusly made a martyr of himself. From where I stood I could see the wink being passed all through the crowd. Some of the men began to leave.

"You know we are all workingmen. I am a workingman too," he went on. He certainly didn't look it.

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"Whereas you toil with your hands, I toil with my brain." I could see some of the fellows who were going to night school five evenings a week, and some of the men who are compelled to do more hard thinking than he seemed to have done, put on a look of disgust.

Well, as I say, he didn't make good. While he was praying—he prayed five full minutes—half the crowd went. He had only seven minutes and a handful of men left. Few of these remained to the end. He wore a clerical vest and a long-tailed coat, with all the rest of it that goes with that style of a preacher. He never came back.

The following day we got another specimen. He began with a kind of a swagger air, which I suppose he thought was very fetching. He half-apologized for being a preacher, for which the boys heartily despised him. They hate a coward. If he has no use for the ministry, why in the name of common sense doesn't he quit the job and earn an honest living? He certainly failed to make a hit, and that was the last we saw of him. The next day not quite so many men came, but there was still a pretty good crowd. After the cornetist got through, a young fellow stepped on to a machine and began to talk in an off-hand way about the six mechanical principles that enter into the manufacture of machinery. He at once got every fellow's attention. He was meeting them on their own ground. That chap didn't seem to be preaching at all, but before he got through he landed some body blows that most of us remember. Instead of the men leaving, others kept coming until he had more than the first fellow started off with. He spoke every day for a week.

The boys liked his meetings. They asked the preacher—for he was a preacher, we found out afterwards—to come once a week for a regular meeting. He has consented to do so. They say that they'll chip in and buy a little organ, and they want some regular hymn-books, too. One of the men has already started in to make a box to keep them in. I never dreamed that the men could become so interested in a straight-out religious proposition. It just shows what a real flesh-and-blood, get-up-and-get kind of a preacher can accomplish. It isn't so much what a preacher does, as what he is, that counts. The fellows seem to have sized up these men at once, and they evidently gave them their right measure.

But why is it necessary for a preacher, whose business, I take it, is to get alongside of men so as to help them, to be so densely ignorant about even the commonest things that concern workingmen? Many of them seem all up in the air—like that first specimen that came into the shop. There wasn't a single point of contact between him and the men that he was addressing, and the men knew it. There is no doubt that he was a good man and that he meant well, but it requires more than that. Our preacher—we call him that already—the one who is going to hold "church" for us—seems to know. There's something human about him. He seems to appreciate how hard it is, sometimes, to do right and to be right.

But there is a better day coming. I believe it because the preachers are taking hold of things in a new way. They are studying our problems from our view-point. The Central Federated Union in New York has received fraternal delegates from at least four different ministers' associations. These men meet regularly on Sunday afternoons with the delegates from the local unions of the city, and I am sure that they are getting a new notion of what the labor movement stands for. On the other hand, the Central Body is sending fraternal delegates to the ministers' associations. They will probably learn some things about ministers and the churches that they never knew before. I understand that this plan is in operation in about one hundred cities throughout the United States.

Yours SAM.

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A VOICE FROM THE PAST

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

THE following letter, over a hundred years old, was found in a pine chest in Fairfield, Vermont, where a descendant of the recipient of the letter spent her last days. The letter was apparently written by one Baptist clergyman to another residing in Philadelphia.

As a commentary on the difference between religious methods and results a century ago and now it is more eloquent than anything that could be said about it, though the different conclusions which readers will reach, favorable or unfavorable to the present, will depend on their respective notions of the real meaning of "religion."

The punctuation and paragraphing (or lack of them) have been preserved as in the original document, and the same deference is given to the syntax and spelling used by the writer of the letter. Through the perspective of another hundred years our spelling may look quite as Quixotic to the more evolved generations of the future.

New York Novr 17th 1801

I have glorious News from Kentucky Some of the people there suppose the glorious day has commenced when all shall be brought to know the Lord I heard four Letters read at 2 Meetings which exceeded any thing that I ever heard before. Two I think were written by Presbyterian Ministers which gave a remarkable account of the work of God. One Metting continued a week without intermission; att one of these Meeting there was a set of wicked fellows who called themselves the Band came to oppose the work and they were all struck to the Earth and another Letter which I understand was wrote by a baptist by profession who heard of this wonderfull work & went up as a Spectator to satisfy himself. This Letter was wrote to one of his friends in Philadelphia and as I think it a wonderful account I shall take the pains of giving you an extract of it which I have read in Publick & found it to be acceptable. This Letter was dated Kentucky Lexington August 10th 1801. It begins thus: Notwithstanding I delayed writing unto you for considerable time in order to collect Information well worthy of your perusal I hasten to give you a partial account (by the bearer Capt George Grother my Neighbor a Merchant of respectability) of the Revival of Religion & some of the remarkable Circumstances thereunto attending. But [to] attempt to give you an accurate description would betray my weakness for I am sure that the most dicerning the most observant & the greatest penman could not describe nor the neatest pencil pourtray to your Imagination the full idea of the Meeting that took place last Friday Morning at Caneridge in Bourbon County therefore you must excuse me if I confine myself to a few particulars. This meeting was published about one Month generally throughout the Presbyterian Connections at their annual Sacramets in the adjacent County where the revival is also beyond any thing ever heard of even in the days of the Apostles.

Thither assembled the religious of every denominations some from one hundred Miles distance but more particular the Presbyterians & Methodists who are in full communion with each other. Lastly the Baptists who preach with each other but do not commune. To this Genral Assembly I set off from Lexington Last Friday and arrived there on Saturday about 10 Oclock but hearing so various account thereof previous to my arrival, I determined to take the Notice of the Most extraordinary particulars. Acordingly I proceeded first to count the waggons containing families with their provisions Camp equipage &c to the number of 47 at 11 Oclock.

The quantity of ground that the praying People occupied (Exclusive of the ground occupied by the Waggons Horses &c) was about the same size as the Square between Market & Chesnut & 3 & 4 Streets of Philadelphia, and there was

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at this time a stage erected in the woods about an hunderd yards distance from the Meeting house. where was a Number of Presbyterian & Methodist Ministers. One of the former preaching to as many as could get near enough to hear. In the house also was another presbyterian Minister to [fill] the house as full as possible. At the same time another large concorse of people were collected about an 100 yards in an East derection from the Meeting house hearing a Methodist Mi[ni]ster preach. And in about 150 yards distance in a South direction from the Meeting house was a Black assembly hearing the exhortations of the Blacks, some of which appeared to be convicted & others converted. Thus you see that on Satturday about Noon there were 4 Large Collections hearing Preaching, while nearly as Large a number were collected in different little Collections praying for those that the power of God had struck lifeless (in a manner hereafter described) singing & exhorting. Notwithstanding it was requested by the Ministers that no exercises should be carried on during Sermons yet there was singing in one part or other of the camp without one minutes intermission from the time I arrived untill I left the place which was on Tuesday 10 Oclock containing the term of 72 Hours & then it was continuing without intermission. on Sunday the 2d day after my arrival the Number of Waggons encreased and the Number of different exhorting Assembles also the Number that stayed on the Ground all Night was supposed to be between 4 & 5000 and the Number of the whole congregation about 3 Oclock was computed by several old Militia officers to be from 10 to 15000 Souls & the Number of Waggons 147. The Number of Communicants who received the tokens 750 nor were these tokens sufficient These tokens are small pieces of lead the size of a five penny bit, with a Letter A or B impressed thereon & distributed by the Ministers to the Members of their Several Churches not excluding any Baptist that applied for them. I suppose I saw during the time I was there as many as 500 that was struck down mostly in the following [manner]: They say they feel first verry weak in their knees & a want of breath gasping to gain their breath as one in the agonies of Death & instantly fall and lay insensible from 15 minutes to 6 or 8 or 10 Hours: Some are cramped in their extremities. The first words generally spoken by them after recovery is *Lord have mercy* increasing from words to sentences: to exhortations: to believe in Christ to cease to do evil: & learn to do well to depend wholly on the righteousness of Christ. Their exhortations are accompanied with instant power to the hearts of the hearers. I do believe there were at one time on the Monday following as many as 300 of these exhortations. Children from 10 years old sat on Mens Shoulders speaking or in other words the Holy Ghost speaking by the mouths of Infants with power never before heard of. A little Girl by the Name of Barbara about 9 years old after being senseless 2 hours was set on a Mans shoulder agreeable to her Desire to speak to the Multitude, where she delivered it was suppose as great a body of Divinity as ever was pronounced by human lips untill she appeared spent with speaking then she leaned back her head on her Bearer an old tender-hearted Man standing close behind her, said poor thing she had better be laid down at which she quickly turned round her head & said, 'Don't call me poor, for Christ is my Brother God my Father & I have a Kingdom there to inherit therefore don't call me poor for I am Rich in the blood of the Lamb. A great number fell to the earth at the Sound of her words & glorified God. I formerly suposed this falling down proceeded from the power of sympathy, in some the weakness of the human system, in others a Design or fananicism among many but on my seeing some fall with their faces covered in the mud among the Horses heels apparently dead for a considerable time & then come too praying & exhorting with[out] ceasing. Some fall at their several Occupations in their shops at their ploughs having none present to work upon their Passions obliges me to admit that it cannot be accounted for by any natural Causes. if not from natural it must be supernatural,

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consequently it is the work of God, surely it is the outpouring of his spirit so long promised & so anxiously prayed for by his servants & if so what is the conclusion. Is it applicable to you & I. Have we felt this immesurable power & are we like these new converts constantly in Season and out of Season beseaching our friends & fellow Sinners to the Demand, my son give me thy Heart. so far as it relates to myself I am not only a fruitless but a leafless tree incumbering the ground of Gospel Light. Last sunday the association was held at Hygbess 6 miles from here where it was said there were from 8 to 10000 persons. The different Letters add the number of 3096 Members to this association during the last year and that the work of falling (as it is called) was there also. Thus on the same day in two Counties ajoining there was at two Congregations the Unusual, unheard of Numbers of from 18 to 25000 Souls.

THE MONGOLS[1]

SEVENTEEN years ago Jeremiah Curtin, the great linguist, called on President Harrison at the White House. As Mr. Curtin was about to descend from the second floor, where the interview had taken place, he halted for a moment at the top of the stairway with Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts.

All at once, in a large room below us, I saw a young man, alert in his bearing and perfectly confident. He gazed at the ceiling and the walls of the room and was thoroughly occupied. There was no one else in the apartment. I asked Greenhalge to look at him. "That man," said I, "looks precisely as if he had examined the building, and, finding it suitable, has made up his mind to inhabit it." "He is a living picture of that purpose," replied Greenhalge, "but do you not know him? That is Theodore Roosevelt, Chairman of the Civil Service Commission. I must make you acquainted. But first listen to a prophecy. That man down there who wants this house will get it. He will live here as President."

Mr. Curtin became an admirer of what Mr. Roosevelt meant to the world of politics, and recorded a judgment which will find an approving echo far and wide. "There is," declares Mr. Curtin, "no case in our history of such concordance between the judgment of a people and the acts of a man."

But the President is no less an admirer of what Mr. Curtin meant to the world of scholarship. In a foreword to Mr. Curtin's "Mongols" the President says that—

The death of Jeremiah Curtin robbed America of one of her two or three foremost scholars. . . . The extraordinary facility with which he learned any language, his gift of style in his own language, his industry, his restless activity and desire to see strange nations and out-of-the-way peoples, and his great gift of imagination, which enabled him to appreciate the epic sweep of vital historical events, all combined to render his work of peculiar value. His extraordinary translations of the Polish novels of Sienkiewicz . . . would in themselves have been enough to establish a first-class reputation for any man. . . . But nothing that he did was more important than his studies of the rise of the mighty Mongol Empire and its decadence. In this particular field no other American or English scholar has ever approached him.

After this personal appreciation the President proceeds to deal with the general subject of the Mongol-Tartar invasions. As he justly says, they affected half Europe more profoundly than did the Crusades. Even otherwise well-equipped students do not realize this. In the President's opinion, some of the best scholars are ignorant "of the tremendous importance in world-history of the nation-shattering Mongol invasions. . . . It is this ignorance . . . which accounts for the possibility of such comically absurd remarks as the one not infrequently made at the time of the Japanese-Russian War, that, for the first time since Salamis, Asia had conquered Europe." On the contrary, during four centuries the Mongol and the Turkish armies generally had the upper hand in any contest with their European foes. Hence Mr. Roosevelt does well to picture the world into which burst the conquering Mongol:

In Spain the power of the Moors had just been reduced to insignificance. The Emperor Barbarossa had completely broken the

[1] The Mongols. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3, net.

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power of the Seljuk Turks in Asia Minor, and, though Jerusalem had been lost, it was about to be regained by that strange and brilliant man, the Emperor Frederick II, "the wonder of the world." The Slavs of Russia were organized into a kind of loose confederacy and were slowly extending themselves eastward, making settlements like Moscow in the midst of various Finnish peoples. Hungary and Poland were great warrior kingdoms, though a couple of centuries were to pass before Poland would come to her full power.

If Mr. Curtin had only always used such terse and graphic phrase as this, his book would have been better worth reading. Nowhere in his text do we find such estimates as this from Mr. Roosevelt of what the Mongols were—"about on a par with the Comanches and the Apaches of the nineteenth century." And seldom do we find such sentences as these in description of what the Mongols did: "They struck down the Russians at a blow, and trampled the land into bloody mire beneath their horses' feet. They crushed the Magyars in a single battle and drew a broad red furrow across Hungary."

Why did not such success continue to this day? Simply because, says the President, "the distance from the central point had become so great."

In such succinct phrase the foreword does more to interest the general reader than does the text of the book itself. But Mr. Curtin's work is quite as much for the student as for the superficial reader. It was written by a great scholar, one who knew Asiatic history as have few, one who gave the greater portion of his last years to a study of the Mongols, one who had just completed this study when death cut short his career.

In the present volume the student will find an array of facts not elsewhere accessible. We here have a summary of the records, written in many Asiatic languages, of the many Mongol wars. The translation and summary are hardly condensed enough for most readers, it is true, but on every page a scholar's conscientious accuracy is evident. For the sake of appealing to the general public in a historical primer, we would recommend a condensation some day which shall change what, to some, may seem complexity into simplicity. An apparent complexity, however, to the unlearned is unavoidable; for Mr. Curtin's task was not only to trace the rise of the Mongol, but also, necessarily, in some degree, the contemporary history of the rest of Asia, of Europe, and of part of Africa.

The chief feature of the present work is, of course, the description of Temudjin, better known as Jinghis, or Genghis Khan, and here Mr. Curtin is at his best:

> No man born of woman has had thus far in history a success so peculiar, so thorough and perfect, so completely acknowledged by mankind, as the success won by Temudjin. There is in his career an unconquerable sequence, a finish, a oneness of character that sets it apart from all the careers of those mighty ones in history who worked for this life and no other, and strove for no object save what is tangible, material, and present; success of such kind and success so enormous that a common intelligence might yearn for it, but have no more chance of winning than of reaching the stars or seeing the sun during night hours. . . .
>
> His executive ability was wonderful, as was also his utter disregard of human life. . . . He stands forth as the greatest manslayer the world has ever known. From 1211 to 1223, in China and Tangut alone, Jinghis and his assistants killed more than eighteen million five hundred thousand human beings. He demanded blind obedience from all men. The slightest infringement was punished with death. . . .

This man, who was master of more territory than had ever been ruled by one sovereign, was born toward the close of the twelfth century, not far from Lake Baikal. From that high mountain region six rivers flow in different directions over half Asia. Temudjin's ambitions followed those rivers, and, as Mr. Curtin says, his wisdom in building up empire was an unerring, clear instinct, like the instinct of a bee in constructing its honeycomb. Chief after chief, tribe after tribe, fell before the young conqueror, who struck terror in his foes as had no other warrior. This was to be expected from one who early in his career, upon vanquishing a neighboring tribe, put to death all the males whose heads came higher than a cart-wheel. His conquest of China (1217) was characterized by indescribable atrocities, and that of Greater Persia, two years later, extending from the Yaxartes to the

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Indus and from Kurdistan to the Pamirs, was nothing less than a cyclonic storm of devastation. The death-roll in all the wars conducted by Temudjin and, after his death (1227), by his successors must exceed a hundred million names. But this was not all. So ghastly and thoroughgoing was the destruction that even cats and dogs, even buildings and roads, disappeared, and on the sites of cities the Mongols sowed barley. Such terror had now seized the world at the mention of the very name Mongol that when Hulagu took Bagdad (1258), he simply parceled out the unresisting people among the divisions of his army to be slain.

Mr. Curtin brings his narrative down to the early part of the fifteenth century, when the Mongols were finally expelled from China by the founders of the Ming Dynasty. A second book, "Russia Under the Mongols," will be published next year. Mr. Curtin concludes his present volume in the following words:

> Remarkable as has been the part played by the Mongols in history, the part to be played by them yet may be far greater. How great and how varied it may be and of what character is the secret of the future.

In this the historian doubtless indicates the people of Japan. In our opinion, however, the source of Japan's strength comes hardly so much from the Mongol or the Malay admixture in the race as from its Aryan foundation.

Comment on Current Books

Novels and Tales

In Fogazzaro's story of "The Politician"[1] the central theme is, with variations, the same as in "The Sinner" and "The Saint"—the heart-union of lovers between whom lies the barrier, respected by each, of the woman's disastrous marriage. As in those stories, so in this, the conflict between duty and desire comes to issue in the hero drawing the heroine out of religious doubts to share his faith in God. He, the politician, is a man of high ideals of social regeneration in Italy, for which he finds the existing political development not ripe. The subordinate characters belong almost wholly to the political and social world; few glimpses appear of the clericals, so prominent in the two other stories. None of them signifies anything; the novelist chooses to introduce hardly any but selfish and inane characters from the higher ranks of society. A keen, fond eye for natural scenery, and the passionate Italian temperament of the interlocutors, pervade the narrative. This, as well as "The Sinner," while not lacking in dramatic situations and tragic interest, has little of that significance for the neo-Catholic movement which gave such popularity to "The Saint."

The spell of the North is strong upon the imagination of Elizabeth Robins, and she is able to infect the readers of her recent novel[2] with much of her own feeling. Nathaniel Mar, the disappointed man, a crippled bank clerk, who can make no one believe in his story of discovered gold, is a dramatic creation, so well done that it almost touches genius. He goes to his daily drudgery with a fire consuming his bones, baffled at every attempt to gain sympathy, until by chance he communicates his passion to the adventurous heart of a mere boy, and then has to wait many years before he finds faith in him in the love of his daughter Hildegarde. He is an unusual character in fiction. Mrs. Mar is quite as well drawn, both by actual description and by implication. The two girls, the two brothers who "rise in business," the shadowy hero explorer John Galbraith, and then the real hero, Louis Cheviot—all these are actual persons. The fault of the story is in its undue length and in some ineffective details. But as a compelling representation of the fatal and glorious fascination of exploring it is a success.

The problem presented in a new novel by Margaret Westrup, "The Greater Mischief,"[1] is a serious one, and has tragic possibilities; but the story holds it with firm but skillful grasp, and surrounds it with so much pleasant humor and charming suggestion that the reader is never overwhelmed. The sad picture of little Audrey, a brave but sensitive child dominated by a stern, cold mother, is affecting, but her gradual growth into freedom and happiness is beautifully described. The other persons in the book, notably Martin, and Marcia, the sweet, gay mother of a group of mischievous children who remind one of Helen's Babies, are

[1] The Politician. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translation by G. Mantellini. Luce & Co., Boston. $1.50.
[2] Come and Find Me. By Elizabeth Robins. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] The Greater Mischief. By Margaret Westrup. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

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unusually well drawn. The solution of the crucial difficulty is admirably held until the proper ending of the story, and we warn readers not to try to find it out in advance. The setting of the story is in England, and all her varying weather-moods are reflected in these entertaining pages.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has gone to Artois for his pretty romance called "Seraphica."[1] The heir of one great house of Artois rebels against marriage with the heiress of a neighboring duchy, the lady being equally unwilling. Thus the Prince of St. Pol and the Duchess Seraphica are at cross purposes. By means of an entertaining and ingenious plot, they are thrown together in odd adventures, sharing dangers and finally emerging merrily. Antoine Watteau is introduced gracefully, and the little King Louis XV, under the Regency of the Prince of Orleans, plays a part in the pretty masquerade.

The true romantic flavor of the sword and cloak order is to be found at its best in the new volume of short stories by Agnes and Egerton Castle.[2] There are always the spice of danger, the swagger of soldier and chevalier, the slight historic setting, and the gentle excitement of love-making. In point of style and manner the authors have done nothing better, and they have done much that is praiseworthy in story-telling.

Another volume of short stories[3] is made up of very clever but sometimes intensely disagreeable studies of the horrible and grotesque. Anything more intensely gruesome and hateful than the story called "The Execution" would be hard to name. One feels that Mr. Morris has great possibilities as a teller of tales, but wishes that he would "find himself" and stop experimenting, that he would go to the book of human nature and life and write of character, motive, and passion.

It may be that this story of the Ozarks[4] by J. B. Ellis is a true representation of the social state of a small Southwestern community, but it is not an inviting picture. The undoubted humor, which is never in the least coarse, hardly redeems many of the situations from improbability. The "Cousins" are the many members of the Thornberry family, differing in standing, wealth, and occupation, but all animated by some sort of queer family pride. The Thornberry who was "in a bank" looks down upon the one who had served a term in the penitentiary, yet they remember their cousinship. The effect of the narrative is crude, though there is good material in it.

Corinth in its luxurious prosperity and Athens in its great beauty appear in a tale by Anna Bowman Dodd called "On the Knees of the Gods."[1] The opening chapters are promising, and move on with vigor. The scene upon Acro-Corinthus, with the chorus-master, the rich merchant, and Maia, the girl musician and genius, as actors, is admirable. As the story progresses, the mannerisms of the author are more prominent, and one tires of repeated "ah-h's" and almost hysterical verbs. The effort to make an impression of mild gayety, unlimited luxury of living, and pagan beauty is too apparent. Something more should have been left to the imagination of the reader.

Mont St. Michel is the scene of this romance[2] in the days of Louis XVI. The beautiful daughter of the Governor of the Mount and the outlaw son of an impoverished seigneur are the central figures. There is a good deal of picturesque scenery—and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, characteristic of the region. The final surrender of beauty to valor, though without any prospect of a peaceful ending, fittingly closes the story. The pretty pictures are by Lester Ralph.

A fair, disdainful lady, a bold, brave soldier, and a background of warring factions in England, when the last desperate struggle for the Stuarts was being made, form the material for a dashing romance[3] by Percy J. Hartley. Of course the love affair begins with hatred on the lady's part and bewildered rebellion on the part of the young captain of fortune. Terrible hardships, duels, intrigue, and some soft-hearted yielding to beauty's appeals fill the story. It is one not especially distinguishable from the large number of its companion romances.

"The Cruise of the Angel,"[4] by Edgar Pickering, is a tale of adventure in which the scene changes from England to Holland when the Duke of Parma was devastating the land under the cruel reign of Philip of Spain. The hero, a young English lad, finds himself on board the Angel, and learns the art of war both there and on shore. The story is well written, and will interest boy readers.

Betty[5] set out from her Australian home to

[1] Seraphica. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.
[2] Flower o' the Orange. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Company, New York.
[3] The Footprint. By Gouverneur Morris. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.
[4] Arkinsaw Cousins. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

[1] On the Knees of the Gods. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.
[2] The Lady of the Mount. By Frederic S. Isham. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.
[3] My Lady of Cleeve. By Percy J. Hartley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.
[4] The Cruise of the "Angel." By Edgar Pickering. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. $1.25.
[5] Bachelor Betty. By Winifred James. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1, net.

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make her way as a writer in England. Winifred James makes her a natural though a somewhat unusually compelling maiden. Her solitary life is supported by very respectable connections, and she does not pose as a thorough bohemian. Some of the chapters are amusing and clever—notably one on charwomen. The romance necessary to the rounding out of the experience is wholesome, and we leave clever Betty in good hands.

Every child who has read about the delightful Pendleton family will welcome a new and big book devoted to "The Pendleton Twins."[1] The author, E. M. Jameson, understands child nature, and in the midst of fun and mischief keeps a steady view of the inherent honor to be found in well-brought-up children. The Pendletons' Christmas, spent on the seashore in the Major's old mansion, developed all the possibilities of adventure and romance that the most absorbed little reader could wish for.

Of two detective stories before us we much prefer Mr. Doubleday's "The Hemlock Mystery"[2] because it is fairly well written and is free from the yellow tinge of Mr. Headon Hill's "The Epsom Mystery," a story of horse-racing and the betting ring. Mr. Doubleday's plot is ingenious, and the solution is well concealed and theoretically possible although certainly extremely improbable.

A Mind that Found Itself This is an exceedingly interesting autobiography,[3] written by a graduate of Yale College who became insane and was sent for treatment first to a private sanitarium, afterwards to a State hospital. There are some traces of the natural intensity of the man in these pages, but the book is, though intense, entirely sane. He is able to refer to witnesses in support of some of his statements, and during a part of the time he kept a somewhat careful record of his experiences. The volume is, both dramatically and psychologically, one of great interest. The story is well told, and it bears marks of its truthfulness upon its face. We shall not attempt here to rehearse any of its incidents, to select for description passages portraying occasional brutality, frequent carelessness, and still more frequent offense of scientific intelligence in the application of sound psychological principles in the treatment of the insane. It must be enough to say that while this book does not justify some of the sensational stories which occasionally get into the press and into books of fiction respecting the maltreatment of the insane, it does give a serious color to those stories, and it makes very clear the fact that the treatment of the insane in the supposedly curative institutions is very far from what it ought to be, and very far from what it is in the more advanced institutions abroad, especially in Germany. Mr. Beers's object in writing this autobiography is not merely to interest, still less to excite, the reading public. It is to awaken public opinion which will call, first, for investigation, and, secondly, for reform. The fundamental principle of this reform is Non-Restraint. To most of our readers it will appear probably wholly impracticable to conduct an insane asylum without the use of physical restraint for the more violent of the patients. Mr. Beers, however, makes it clear, by his account of what has been done elsewhere, that this policy of non-restraint is not so impracticable as to a non-expert layman it would appear to be. Being ourselves non-expert, we do not undertake here to discuss the question whether non-restraint is possible in all cases and under all circumstances, but we are prepared to say that the kind of restraint which is often exercised in our asylums in this country is not only useless but pernicious. To that we are prepared to add, and emphatically, that the proposal with which Mr. Beers brings his book to a close is entirely conservative, and ought to have the support of the public, as it has the support of some very eminent authorities. This proposal is the organization of a National society to do the work in the field of nervous and mental disease which is being done in the field of physical disease by the National Society for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis. It would have for its object to cure mental disease and to prevent it. Says our author: "The watchword of such an organization might well be the significant phrase: Mental Hygiene. Its purpose: The spreading of a common-sense gospel of right thinking in order to bring about right living, knowledge of which is needed by the public at large if the population of our asylums is to be controlled and eventually decreased. A campaign of education, rigorously carried on, would in time lead to the rescue of thousands who, if left in ignorance, must, of necessity, drift into a state of actual and perhaps incurable insanity. Editors, ministers, educators, philanthropists, and members of the medical profession as well, could do much to further such a work of enlightenment." The Outlook hopes that Mr. Beers will succeed in organizing such a society, and secur-

[1] The Pendleton Twins. By E. M. Jameson. Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.25, net.
[2] The Hemlock Mystery. By Roman Doubleday. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.
The Epsom Mystery. By Headon Hill. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. $1.50.
[3] A Mind that Found Itself. By Clifford W. Beers. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50, net.

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ing through its activities, first, a thorough investigation of the methods under which our present asylums are carried on; secondly, a report of the results of experiences in the best institutions of foreign lands; and, thirdly, based on this investigation, the application of sound pathological principles both to the cure of insanity and, what is perhaps still more important, to its prevention.

Reading Rationalized

It would be a mistake to infer from its title[1] that this is a dry sort of book. Pages concerned with the mysterious mechanical and psychological processes involved in reading can be skipped, if one prefers, though they set the problem of rational teaching in proper perspective for attainment; but there is enough else to attract. Professor Huey holds that just as Egypt and China, after advancing to a certain point with their systems of reading and writing, stuck there with resulting burden and waste, so we have been content with the waste and burden resulting from an imperfectly rationalized system. In modern society reading is universal. But as a school subject it is "an old curiosity shop of absurd practices." Three-fourths of the primers, however artistically gotten up, are remarkable for inanity and ineptness. But science is compelling return from the artificial to the natural. The old A B C method has been banished into corners. But our schools are still "over-bookish." "Over-analysis has been the bane of our English teaching throughout." The sentence, not the word or the letter, is the unit of speech. The traditional way of teaching to read begins at the wrong end. This has been said before, but here it is enforced with a rare wealth of demonstration. What we unconsciously do with eye and mind in reading, as shown in Professor Huey's account of the psychology of reading, gives an enlarged and profitable acquaintance with one's self, corrective, perhaps, to bad practice. His account of the history of reading and reading methods, especially of the evolution of the alphabet from the pictograph, is of fascinating interest, not without its lesson for the present. All this for its bearing on the pedagogy of reading, in the substitution of natural and time-saving for artificial and time-wasting methods of teaching in home and school. Here the author makes good his contention that "real reading is still the noblest of the arts." Supplementary chapters on the hygiene of reading, what it demands of typography, and what the future of reading and printing is to be, bring to conclusion the best book on this radically important subject that we have met with.

[1] The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading. By Edmund Burke Huey, A.M., Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.40, net.

Cretan Civilization

The recent rapid enlargement of the Cretan collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, calls special attention to Dr. Mosso's just-published book on "The Palaces of Crete."[1] From such a collection as that now shown in the metropolis one learns to know more about the civilization of prehistoric Mediterranean peoples than did the Greeks themselves. During recent centuries absurd Turkish restrictions prevented excavators from working on the island. But in 1900 a stable government was established under the protection of the Powers, and excavation was begun. Dr. Mosso's is no dry-as-dust narrative. He knows how to be entertaining, and he is entertaining. Besides, he is something more than an archæologist; he is an anthropologist. Indeed, apparently a chief reason for writing his book is to defend an ethnological hypothesis. The result of the Cretan excavations has been to reveal a state of almost incredible civilization. We certainly now need a new history of pre-classical ages. From the remains brought to light we see that three thousand to four thousand years ago a powerful nation held sway over all the Eastern Mediterranean. To our astonishment, we discover that the Cretans of four thousand years ago were almost modern in their ideas of comfort. Our astonishment reaches a climax when we discover that their women were clothed almost ludicrously like ours, with their tight bodices, flounced petticoats, and use of embroidery. As to architecture, Cretan masonry construction was of Roman type, yet antedates Rome by several millenniums. More than this, the Cretans used a system of drainage such as neither Rome nor Greece knew. Theaters were erected in Crete two thousand years before Peisistratus gave his first performance of a tragedy in Greece. Arts and crafts were highly developed. An indication of what the Cretans could do is shown in the excavated vases with their chromatic decoration. On comparing these vases with those of classical Greek art we see at once how much more natural and spontaneous are the figures thereon. Some of the workmanship in its delicacy seems almost Japanese. The lightness of the vases themselves is equally remarkable; they resemble eggshell porcelain. Finally, their makers succeeded in giving to the ware certain metallic reflections which the vases still retain. More significant still of that long-ago civilization is the Cretan linear

[1] The Palaces of Crete and Their Builders. By Angelo Mosso. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.25.

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writing, extending back a thousand years before the earliest known appearance of the Phœnician alphabet, while the early pictorial form dates a thousand years earlier than the linear. The Cretan system was a higher development than the Egyptian hieroglyphs and the Babylonian cuneiform system. It is strange that in Homer there should be but one mention of writing, though it was common among the Mykenæan people. Dr. Mosso then tells us about manners, customs, myths, religion—aye, even of a prehistorical Socialism! Finally, he proclaims that Mediterranean civilization was not derived from an Indo-Germanic race, but from Mykenæan culture, that Sanskrit is not as ancient a language as is generally supposed, and that research has thus far failed to find the cradle of the Aryan race. Thus the study of prehistoric times certainly shows that civilization is old indeed.

Hinduism

In this, the latest volume[1] of a series of standard works, a foremost authority on his subject sketches "the motives and principles that underlie the remarkable chain of religious ideas that leads from the ritual worship of the great nature-gods of the Rig-Veda to the high theosophy of the Upanishads." Of the many books collectively termed the Veda ("sacred knowledge"), the bible of ancient India, the Rig-Veda is, on the whole, the oldest as well as the most important. In this most ancient literary document of the Aryan race appears the earliest embodiment of prehistoric religious ideas more ancient still. The Veda gradually leads up to the Upanishads and their deep conceptions of the ultimate mystery of being, which the science of religion traces back through the Veda to their simple beginnings in primitive thought. The real religion of the Upanishads ("esoteric doctrine") is that the cosmic principle (Brahma, "Holy Thought"—analogous to the Logos in the Fourth Gospel) and the human self are in essence identical. The highest note reached in the Upanishads is "the ideal of union with the supreme being, the ultimate endeavor of all religions that have evolved a supreme being worth uniting with." Here, says Professor Bloomfield, Hindu thought is "very like the mysticism of those Christian 'friends of God,' John Tauler and Thomas à Kempis." His literary style and his fine translations of Vedic hymns add interest to his survey of the Vedic pantheon and its multiple gods—"prehistoric, transparent, translucent, opaque"—which "really vanish after they have contributed their individual attributes to the great idea of oneness at the root of the universe." Far antedating this idea, and of prehistoric origin, is the conception of "cosmic order" (*rta*), the finest as one of the earliest of Aryan ideas. Over against the Western belief in eternal life stands in pathetic contrast the pessimistic Hindu conception of life as a weary transmigration through countless births and deaths till merged in the infinite. Professor Bloomfield inclines to think this transmigration-doctrine derived from primitive folk-beliefs, rather than a product of Brahmanical thought. The lack in Hindu religion of any theory of social betterment co-operates with its divisive and tyrannous caste-laws to paralyze the nerves of nationalism and progress.

[1] The Religion of the Veda, the Ancient Religion of India. By Maurice Bloomfield, Ph.D., LL.D. (American Lectures on the History of Religions. Seventh Series, 1906–1907.) Vol. VII. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

History of the Inquisition

Dr. Lea is a recognized authority, both in this country and in Europe, upon the subjects on which he has written, all of them connected with the history of the Middle Ages. His History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, in three volumes, and his History of the Inquisition of Spain, in four volumes, are marvels of erudition and research, and yet we believe we are correct in saying that he has never directly pursued any studies on either subject abroad. He is now in his eighty third year. Until he had passed middle life he was actively engaged in business, first as a banker and then as a book publisher. In his business career he accumulated a considerable fortune. During the later years of his business life he spent his mornings in the counting-room in active business, his afternoons in his library pursuing his studies. Then he gave up the counting-room altogether, and devoted his time and his vigor to historical research and to giving to the public the results of his scholarly labors. He accumulated a large library containing many rare books in his home in Philadelphia. He employed skilled assistants to make investigations in the libraries of Europe and to make copies of important documents there. Thus, while his journeyings have been practically confined to the semi-annual migrations from his home in Philadelphia to his home in Cape May in the spring, and his return from Cape May to Philadelphia in the fall, by his skill in selecting and using competent assistants, and his peculiar ability to use them, he has made himself master in a department of history in which all, or nearly all, truly original sources are to be found in European libraries. This method has not been disadvantageous.

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On the contrary, by devolving upon others much of the detailed work of investigation and all the detailed work of copying, he has left himself more time for the work of study and interpretation, to which he has been able to give undivided attention. We have already given some account of the preceding three volumes of this work,[1] and space does not allow us to do more than point out some of the topics especially treated in this volume. It strikingly illustrates the inherent vices, not only in past ecclesiastical practices, but in some modern religious tendencies. The mysticism which dispenses with purity and tends to disregard ethical laws and to inculcate the belief that one can by meditation escape from the turmoil of the world and attain union with the Godhead, is here seen to be the prolific mother of intolerable vices. The belief that the Church can by ecclesiastical trials, even when supported by the whole force of the secular authority, put a stop to the propaganda of real or imagined error, is here seen to be a blunder of the first magnitude. The belief that a close and detailed supervision over the moral life of the members of the community through a system of confession and absolution will tend to preserve and promote purity is here seen to be, not only not substantiated, but absolutely refuted by experience. So flagrant were the forms of immorality developed by the practice of confession in which the intercourse between the priest and penitent was carried on, often in private houses, that in the middle of the sixteenth century the comparatively modern confessional was invented to lessen the temptations and reduce the opportunities for vicious solicitation which the previous practice of confession had furnished. The notion that the morals of the community can be more safely intrusted to the clergy than to any other profession is negatived by the fact that penalties for immorality were comparatively light, while penalties for ecclesiastical offenses were frequently very severe. It needs must here suffice to indicate the practical value of this book to the student of modern problems in moral and theological philosophy. The intolerable results of the efficient attempt by the Spanish authorities to prohibit free thought, because of the peril which free thought involves, cannot better be stated than in the words with which Dr. Lea closes this volume: "Terrible as were the wars of religion which followed the Lutheran revolt, yet were they better than the stagnation preserved in Spain through the efforts of the Inquisition. So long as human nature remains what it is, so long as the average man requires stimulation from without as well as from within, so long as progress is the reward only of earnest endeavor, we must recognize that rivalry is the condition precedent of advancement, and that competition in good works is the most beneficent sphere of human activity." We are not optimistic enough to think that our recommendation will be of any weight; we shall, nevertheless, venture to recommend the pessimist who thinks that he is living in a degenerate age to read these volumes, and when he has finished them see if he can possibly maintain the thesis that America, in this twentieth century, is worse than Europe in the Middle Ages, or that what he is supposed to call "this age of skepticism" is religiously worse than what its eulogists are accustomed to call "the age of faith."

[1] A History of the Inquisition of Spain. By Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. In 4 vols. Vol. IV. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.

The Cambridge Modern History

Oddly enough, the editors of the Cambridge Modern History preface their fifth volume[1] with a semi apology for the title they have selected. Louis XIV, as it seems to them, was by no means the imposing figure pictured to-day in the popular imagination. He was, they feel, "no great statesman and nothing of a general; his monarchy was not his creation, he was without real initiative, and no intellectual effort associated with his reign was due to his personal inspiration." On the other hand, his name is inseparably associated with the system of absolute government which he steadily carried on during more than half a century, and the influence of which made itself felt throughout Europe. Hence the title chosen for the present volume; hence, too, the emphasis laid by the different contributors on the absolutist tendencies visible in the contemporary history of every country studied. Necessarily, there also is emphasis on the dynastic ambitions of Louis XIV, and the wars to which these gave rise. As has hitherto been the case with the Cambridge Modern History, a high standard of scholarship prevails, together perhaps with a rather higher quality of literary excellence than usual. The opening chapter, by Professor A. J. Grant, is a really strong and vigorous piece of writing; and the same may be said of several of the chapters dealing with the English history of the period. Of the non-political contributions special mention may fairly be made of a striking essay by M. Émile Faguet on French seventeenth-century literature, an elaborate study of the

[1] The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Vol. V. The Age of Louis XIV. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4, net.

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Gallican Church by Viscount St. Cyres, and the chapter on scientific progress, the joint work of Mr. W. W. Ball and the late Sir Michael Foster.

Claude Lorraine

Sixteen years ago, at Nancy, President Carnot inaugurated Rodin's monument to Claude Lorraine. Until then the painter of sunlight and of luminous vibration had never had such evidence of appreciation. As the statue's motive, Rodin chose the Apollo myth. From the rocky mass of a shaft, typifying gloom and night, emerge the Sun-God and his horses. But above the ideal Apollo stands the real Claude, a peasant artist. He is at work with his hands and tools, fronting an invisible canvas, but with eyes turned upward to enjoy the color and luminosity. He would reproduce his vision of them! Despite Ruskin's contrary diatribes, Rodin has not been the only one to elevate the plebeian above the god. The latest of these is Mr. George Rose. His long essay on Claude is included in the third edition of his "Renaissance Masters."[1] The excellent book has already instructed us concerning Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Titian, Correggio, Botticelli, and Rubens. As Claude died in 1682, a century and a half after most of the foregoing painters, about a century after Titian, and not quite half a century after Rubens, he was thus much the latest among "Renaissance Masters." But very many students of art would not stretch the Renaissance age so to class him, or Rubens either. They would restrict that epoch to the latter part of the fifteenth century and to the whole of the sixteenth. One reason why Mr. Rose places Claude among Renaissance masters, however, is that in order to find his real predecessor one must go back to the old Umbrian school, to Perugino, and the youthful Raphael. Their landscape backgrounds are sometimes more precious than are the saints and madonnas in the center of the picture, because their nature-scenes are, like Claude's, idealized. And Claude's landscapes were certainly precious, compared with his generally faulty figure-drawing. The earlier artists could have taught him there. Mr. Rose has to admit that here his hero was hopelessly incompetent. Claude himself realized this, and used to say that he sold the landscapes and threw in the figures! But those landscapes, in general, merit Mr. Rose's glowing periods. He justly calls renewed attention to them. True to nature's spirit, they are as genuinely works of the imagination. If Claude had been a realist, he might, like Meissonier, have been content with a mere photographic accuracy. Because he was an idealist, however, he strove to reproduce, not what he saw, but his conception of what he saw.

[1] Renaissance Masters. By George B. Rose. (Third Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Old Testament and Semitic Studies

These noble volumes,[1] appearing on the second anniversary of the death of the late President of the University of Chicago, constitute a memorial of him and of his work rarely given to any man, and eminently deserved by him. Not his service to the University as its head, but his contribution to Old Testament and other Semitic studies, is here commemorated by his fellow-workers in that field. They would thus perpetuate his memory as "one of the chief factors in that quiet revolution which, in the thirty years just ending, has brought the Old Testament so distinctly to the front, quickened interest in its languages, and equipped so many people to meet its problems intelligently, to the great advantage of the intellectual and the religious life." Twenty-six contributors, representing seventeen institutions, all specialists in Hebrew and other Semitic languages, have brought each a stone, as it were, from his own quarry to erect this rare monument. Apart from its memorial significance, this collection of critical studies is a distinct and valuable contribution to the work to which President Harper devoted his life in doing as much as any other man to make it effective and enduring. It is introduced by an appreciative critical estimate of the "strong and unique personality" whose premature and lamented death has called it forth.

The American Navy

An uncommonly good book for boys and men first of all and then for girls and women who also want to know about our navy, its aim, history, and present condition. If they read Mr. Spears's short volume,[2] they will want to read his larger history, of which this is an abridgment. In his difficult task of crowding those volumes into this single volume Mr. Spears has steadily kept in view not only the bare outline of history, but also the color that makes any history interesting. The picturesque life of a navyman from "middy" to admiral and the striking episodes of gallantry which adorn our history are here well set forth, and will not lessen the longing of many a healthy lad to enter the naval service.

[1] Old Testament and Semitic Studies. In Memory of William Rainey Harper. Edited by Robert Francis Harper, Francis Brown, George Foot Moore. In 2 vols. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $10.

[2] A History of the United States Navy. By John R. Spears. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.

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Letters to The Outlook

A LESSON FROM DISASTER

The Collinwood holocaust is another indication that in the United States carelessness of human life has become a National trait. It is not that we as a people are callous or indifferent in regard to human suffering. Quite the reverse is true; but our thoughtfulness is nearly always *ex post facto*. It ought not to be so. If we are learning our lesson at all, and this may be doubted, we are learning it at a frightful cost. Can we not find some mitigation for this terrible condition of affairs?

It has been found impossible for democracy to deal directly with its multifarious interests; it has, therefore, delegated its power of regulation and control in numerous instances to its agents—legislatures, bureaus, boards, commissions. It has done so as regards insurance, banks, railways, public health, etc. For efficiency, it has found it advisable to assign definite powers to the bodies having these interests in charge, and then to hold them strictly accountable for the performance of their duty.

Assuredly public safety is an interest no less important than the foregoing. Would it, then, be in accordance with public practice and public interest to establish in the several States Commissions of Public Safety, to which should be assigned powers now scattered through various departments of government, and other powers that might seem proper, looking towards the inspection, study, and regulation of conditions affecting public safety? The concerns of the police department are too multifarious to secure satisfactory results therefrom. It is necessary to have duties definite and unified, to have ample power, under certain limitations. Such a commission, supposedly composed of experts, should have power to examine the plans and specifications of proposed public buildings and to make modifications in the interest of public safety. Thus, if doors were discovered hung so as to swing inward, they could compel a change. If they found fire-escapes wanting where they clearly ought to be, they could compel their erection. When accidents occurred, they should sit as a court of inquiry, with power to summon witnesses, etc. Their power would not wholly be discretionary; they would often simply see that existing statutes were carried out. Their power of inspection and publication of facts would often work a remedy *ipso facto*. They would leave no loophole through which responsibility could escape or be shifted. They would work in harmony with existing agencies, oftentimes employing them.

Ann Arbor, Michigan. L. A. C.

RAILWAYS AND COAL MINES

Your writer, Mr. Frank Julian Warne, in his interesting article on "The Railway Ownership of Coal Mines," published in your issue of February 15, refers to the section of the Hepburn Act requiring railway companies to divest themselves of their coal properties by May 1, 1908, and says: "In cases where the coal lands are owned direct, and are free from encumbrances, they could be easily taken over by holding companies, whose stock could be distributed as dividends to the railway's shareholders. . . . In others, however, very embarrassing and complicated conditions are to be overcome. This is the case, for instance, where the railway's coal property is pledged, entire or in part, as security for bonds outstanding, and where the proposed change might affect, as is likely, the value of these holdings."

I have seen and heard this statement many times, and have never been able to understand why it should be so; nor have I ever seen explained, with any degree of particularity, just what the obstacles in the way of parting with stock under such conditions are. Why cannot the stock of a mortgaged property be parted with? In what way does a change of ownership of stock impair the value of an underlying lien? It has seemed to me that even when the stock itself is pledged to secure a collateral loan, the holder of record could divest himself of his interest therein by the issue of a certificate analogous to a quitclaim deed. Freedom of contract, including the right to part with what he has (whatever it may be), is a right secured to every legally competent person. The law does not require railways to part with the fee; it does not require them to part with that which they have already parted with by creating mortgages, leases, deeds of trust, etc. It only requires them (as I understand it) to part with the equity which they have left in the property. Will some duly qualified explainer kindly rise and tell us why they cannot do it?

GEO. S. SEYMOUR,
Formerly Auditor Beech Creek Coal and Coke Company.
New York City.

[Mr. Seymour's query is, briefly, Why cannot the railways divest themselves of their equities in their coal properties? The

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answer to this is that they can, *but* the railways would still be obligated upon the bonds they have issued which have the coal properties as security or collateral. Naturally, they would be unwilling to give up their ownership or control and yet remain liable on the bonds. The bondholders would be unwilling to consent to cancel the obligations of the railway company and accept those of the coal company alone, when the advantageous relations between the two were severed. This assumes, of course, a bona-fide severing of the coal and railway properties. The value of the bonds is affected by the relation which the coal mine bears to the railway; that is, this value is enhanced if there is a harmonious economic relation between the mining company and the transportation company. To change such a relation is likely to lessen the value of the bonds. For illustration, it is plain that a coal mine owned by a railway company, which latter can give to it the maximum of facilities for getting its product to market, has a greater value than the same property would have if it were not in such an advantageous relation with the railway for securing sufficient sidings, cars, facilities of movement, etc.—THE EDITORS.]

THE PAUL REVERE HOUSE

The Outlook has already told its readers about the plans for preserving the fine old Paul Revere house. The work is now well along, and has been done with the greatest care in studying out every detail, so that it may be exactly as it was in the old days. The relics that have been unearthed in the house have been surprising in their interest and antiquity. Among other things, a very ancient army belt, evidently from a dress uniform, was found in the walls, and is now in charge of the restoration department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to restore and discover, if possible, its age. Old hand-made laths and remarkable old hewn beams were found to have been used in the construction of the building. A very interesting architectural landscape wall-paper, showing the spire of an old London church, and evidently of a date previous to Paul Revere's occupancy of the house, has also been found. I might go on indefinitely and tell of the extraordinarily interesting things that have come up in connection with this work. We have now come to a point where we have got to stop unless we can get more funds. Another $4,000 is needed, and that will complete the work for all time and throw the house open to the public, making the place a museum where numerous valuable articles belonging to Revere, which have already been promised, can be exhibited. Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, has written a letter indorsing the effort to complete the work. Subscriptions should be sent to the Paul Revere Memorial Association, 50 State Street, Boston. J. P. R.

Boston, Massachusetts.

ABOUT POSTAGE TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

My friend of Moy Hall in Jamaica is of opinion that Government selects the biggest donkeys on the horizon and places them in charge of the Post-Office! For instance, quoth he: "I send many letters every week's mail to New York, and thence to England, China, India, etc., for two cents. Yet if that letter remains in New York I must pay five cents." And there is still more truth in the plaint from Panama, where some one hundred thousand British subjects, negroes from Jamaica and adjacent islands, must pay five cents on letters to their homes, whereas it costs only two cents for a letter all the way from Colon to New York. The letter from the Isthmus to New York passes Jamaica, but if it stops there it is charged five cents. Now that same letter can travel to the Philippines and back for two cents, and yet for the short run between Colon and Jamaica the heavy charge of five cents is levied. The British subject in Hongkong sends a letter to London, ten thousand miles away, via San Francisco and New York, for two cents, but to the Philippines, only six hundred miles, it costs five cents. Cannot our Washington rulers be made to see the advantage of encouraging postal intercourse with neighbors who are good customers and otherwise kindly disposed?

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Malden-on-Hudson, New York.

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The Government has decided to throw open the American National Red Cross to general membership, and already applications for enrollment are pouring in. Under the plan every good American citizen—man, woman, or child—is eligible to membership.

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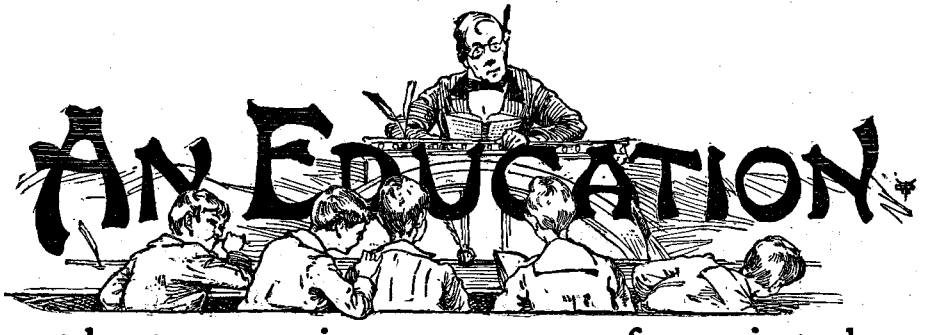

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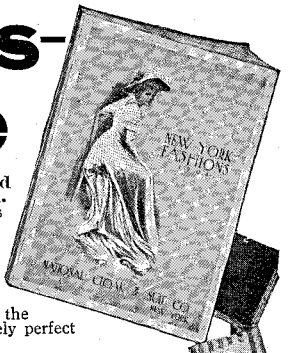

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